THE

WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

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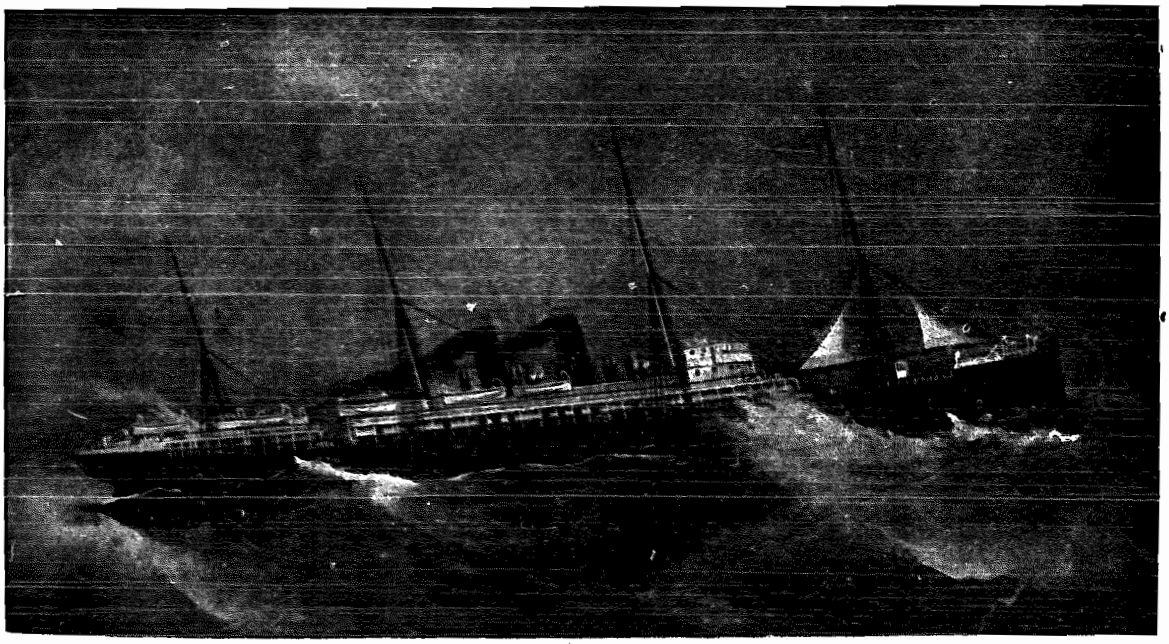

"Passengers and Mails will be conveyed from England to Australia within twenty-five days."—*Toronto Empire.*

THE HOLINESS PAGE.

"A holy church that would act on the principles of the Gospel, would spread the Gospel faster than all the money that ever was in New York, or that ever will be. Give me a holy church, that would live above the world, and the work of salvation would roll on faster than with all the money in Christendom. Let the ministry have the spirit of prayer, let the baptism of the Holy Ghost be upon them and they will spread the Gospel. Only let Christians live as they ought, and the church will shake the world. If Christians in New York would do it, the report would soon fill every ship that leaves the port, and waft the news on every wind, till the earth was full of excitement and enquiry, and conversions would multiply like the drops of morning dew."—C. G. FINNEY, IN "LECTURES TO PROFESSING CHRISTIANS."

Readings For The Family Altar.

COLLECTED BY ENSIGN GALT.

THE RESURRECTION LIFE.

Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.—JOHN xii. 24.

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Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.—ISAIAH lx. 1.

∴

Reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.—ROMANS vi. 11.

∴

Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings.—MALACHI iv. 2.

∴

If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God.—COLOSSIANS iii. 1.

∴

For if we be dead with Him, we shall also live with Him; if we suffer, we shall also reign with Him.—TIMOTHY ii. 11, 12.

∴

"Ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." These expressions will apply, in their full import, only to those Christians who are in the state of unselfish or pure love. Their death is a death of selfishness. They are dead to pride and jealousy, self-seeking and envy, to malice, inordinate love of their own reputation, anything and everything which constitute the fallen and vitiated life of nature. They have a new life, which is hid with Christ in God.—FENELON.

∴

"Lo, a new creation dawning,
Lo, I rise to life divine;
In my heart an Easter morning,
I am Christ's, and He is mine."

Heart Purity.

BY WALTER SCOTT, GUELPH.

I believe in a religion, which not only brings pardon and peace to the guilty conscience, but a religion which delivers a man from all evil appetites, and passions, and propensities of the old carnal nature, translating him into the kingdom of righteousness and true holiness, causing a pure motive to spring from a pure heart; and a pure action to spring from a pure motive, thus glorifying God in act, in purpose, and in thought. This is pure and undefiled religion, against which all the infernal batteries of the world, the flesh, and the devil cannot prevail.

Some people do not believe it is possible to obtain the blessing of a pure heart in this life, simply because they are not in possession of it. However, the Apostle Paul says, "Unto the pure

All Things Are Pure;

but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure, even their mind and conscience is defiled."

It is impossible for anyone to believe in the sanctifying power of God, while they are doing or allowing anything for which their conscience condemns them.

We often hear the expression from those who are, verily guilty of violating the Word and commands of God. "My conscience does not condemn me." This is their song of defence, when the light of the Gospel is

Flashed Upon Their Sin.

But experience teaches that conscience uncontrolled by God, the Holy Ghost, is but a blind guide, which will strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel; therefore, the only security for Christian virtue and obedience to the law of God, is to have a conscience enlightened and controlled by grace divine, and purified by faith in Christ Jesus.

The Apostle Paul says: "The end of the commandment is charity out of a pure heart, and of a good conscience, and of faith unfeigned." And the love of God and man, springing out of a pure heart, and from faith unfeigned, is the fulfilling of the law, and the end of every divine commandment.

Holiness is taught to-day under a variety of terms, such as "Christian perfection," "sanctification," "purity of heart," "perfect love," etc.; but LOVE is the crowning grace, and is the most precious treasure in heaven. It is of God, and like God, and fixed on the same objects and ends which He loves; therefore, "He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God," and God in him.

Now, I testified to the blessing of full salvation for some time before I experienced it; but I made the profession through ignorance, for I really did not comprehend what was embodied in being cleansed from all unrighteousness, and sanctified by the Holy Ghost. Although I was quite sensitive to the fact that my heart was like

A Cage of Unclean Birds,

for occasionally there would be convulsions in my soul that were out of all harmony with the gospel of heart purity. One day I would be on the mountain top, as happy as an angel, and probably the next day I would be down in the valley of despondency, doubting, and fearing, and trembling as to the power of God unto salvation.

But when I crawled out of my own opinions and ideas, and threw myself recklessly and unreservedly on the grace of God for complete deliverance from this inbred sin, the blessed Lord created within me a clean heart, and translated me from that miserable up-and-down experience to the glorious vantage ground of

A Triumphant Soldier

of the Cross.

Comrades, have you got a definite and positive experience of the cleansing and sanctifying power of the Lord Jehovah; or are you being impelled downwards into the regions of darkness and despair?

If so, I beseech you by the mercies of God, to embrace your privileges in the gospel of grace, and get sanctified by God, the Holy Ghost; for there is no amount of this world's wealth, nor accumulation of human knowledge, nor any other perishable creature, comparable to the everlasting bliss of eternal holiness.

IN THE Scriptures the right use of the tongue is given as one of the evidences of holiness. "If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."—JAMES iii. 2.

When a person has been converted and his nature cleansed, when does that person become a sinner?

A.—Whenever he commits sin. There are three definitions to sin: (1) Sin is the transgression of the law; (2) To him that knoweth to do good and doeth it not to him it is sin; (3) Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Therefore, when one who has been saved doubts and disbelieves God, or when he neglects duty, or when he knowingly violates the known law of God, he again becomes a sinner.

HOLINESS.

BY COLONEL PEARSON.

TUNE—*Long, long ago; Never mind me; Cleansing for me.*
B. J. No. 45.

With purging fire and with water and blood,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!
Make me a follower of all that is good,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!
Save me from wrong that my life may be right,
Save me from sin that my robes may be white,
That I before Thee may walk in the light,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!

Make me a soldier transparent and pure,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!
That I am made holy I want to be sure,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!
Give me Thy Spirit Thy likeness to show,
Give me a heart that is whiter than snow,
That I may keep feeling the cleansing stream flow,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!

That I may love all Thy lost ones to find,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!
That I may fight with a soul-saving mind,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!
All through my heart let Thy pure love be shed,
Make me rejoice when through suffering led,
That to the world I may ever be dead,
Make my heart clean! Make my heart clean!

The Captain and His Host.

BY BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.

We have a risen Christ. Personally, it has always been to me a source of great satisfaction, that on the threshold of my Christian life, I was providentially led to make a thorough and complete investigation into the historical proofs in connection with the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It was time well spent. Apart, however, from any knowledge gained in that way, there is a spiritual perception of things which is even more valuable still.

In Dothan was the servant of God hard pressed. Around about him were the Syrians, and we cannot wonder that the servant of the man of faith in God should exclaim, "Alas! my Master, how shall we do?" How often has that cry been wrung from hearts that have failed to realize

By Naked Faith

that the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him. And Elisha prayed, and the Lord opened his eyes and behold the mountain was filled with horses and chariots of fire.

Speaking to the Colossians, the Apostle Paul declared that all things created in heaven were created by God, and proceeded to say that all things that are in heaven and in earth, and things which are visible and invisible, were made by Him. Here we have the secret of the whole matter. To every believer the risen Christ is an assurance that all the powers of heaven, those forces so potent and none the less so because unseen, are at the disposal of that Christ, Who delights to send them to the assistance of His fighting hosts.

Is there

A Red Sea

to be divided? then the waters are smitten by the angel of the Lord. Are His people needing refreshment in the wilderness? then heavenly hands distribute the manna that falls from above. Does His aged, time-and-care-worn servant need heavenly encouragement and fresh stimulus? then the angel stands by his side and beckons him to fields of future usefulness and danger.

It is sometimes difficult to think that each one of us can be made a special subject for God's protecting and guiding care, and the very demand that comes upon the resources of even our God would almost stagger and dwarf our faith.

We have yet to realize what John must have experienced when he wrote, "And I beheld and heard a voice of many angels around about the throne and the beasts and the elders and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands and thousands." (Rev. v. 11)

The Apostle was able to overcome the most

Stupendous Difficulties;

and why? He realized that he had come unto Mount Zion, the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and "innumerable company of angels."

We are begotten again into a lively hope, and he, who has personally claimed the cleansing power of Jesus' blood, and been brought into that oneness with the Saviour, will find that one result of that oneness will be a blessed, clear, unshaken confidence in the protecting, guiding, helping presence of the risen Christ.

Some years ago, the writer, with his brother, were journeying along the banks of one of the swiftest rivers in New Zealand. The night was densely dark—a darkness that one seemed almost able to feel. Seated in the rig, one was unable to see the horse's head, and the little glimmer of light we had, only seemed to make the darkness

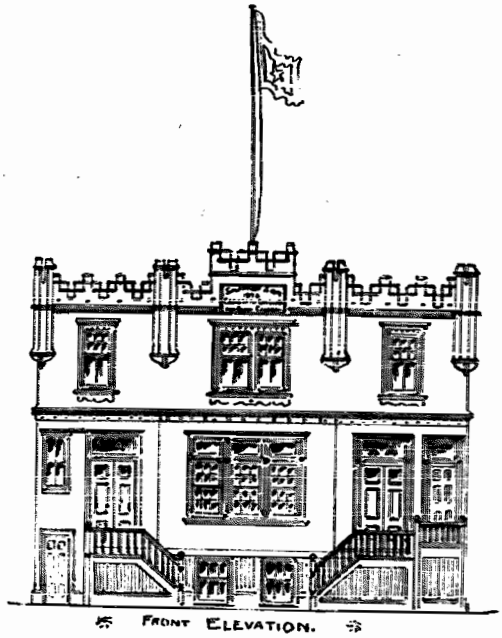
Denser Still.

For miles we journeyed slowly along, our faithful beast carefully picking his way. At length we came to a dead stop; thinking that our horse required nothing but a little urging, he was urged forward, but not a step would he take. Dismounting, we found to our mingled sorrow and gratitude that the forefeet of that grateful animal were placed upon the verge of a steep, perpendicular bank, and another step forward would have hurled us into the seething waters below. Doubtless, as you read these lines, instances of God's protecting care, equally striking, may rise before you, and one cannot glance back on past history without realizing that there is about us an unseen presence, only perceived and apprehended by the eye of faith, and that the promises of our God are sure that the angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear Him.

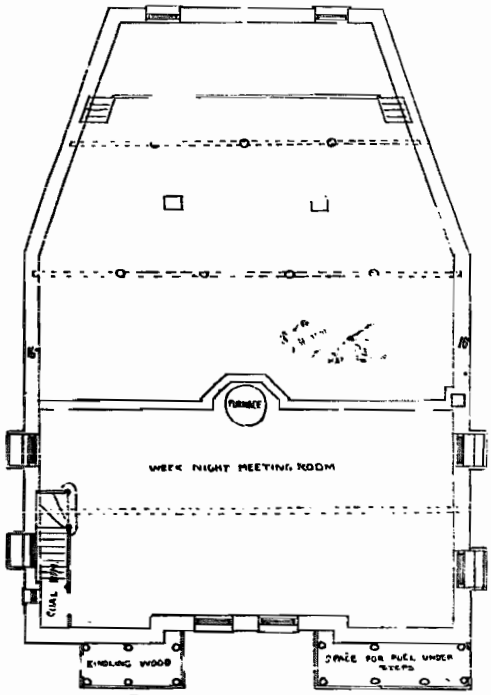
Hath God changed? Our hearts answer, "Nay." "He who changeth not abideth with me."

"SO I RETURNED, and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and behold the tears of *such as were* oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors *there was* power; but they had no comforter."—*Ecclesiastes* iv., 1.

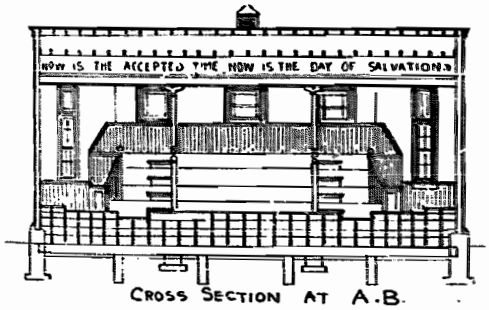
PLANS
—OF—
ORILLIA NEW BARRACKS.



FRONT ELEVATION.



BASEMENT PLAN.



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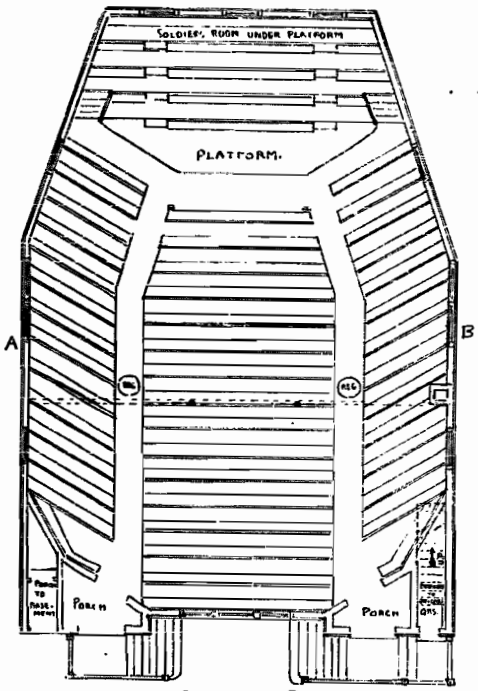
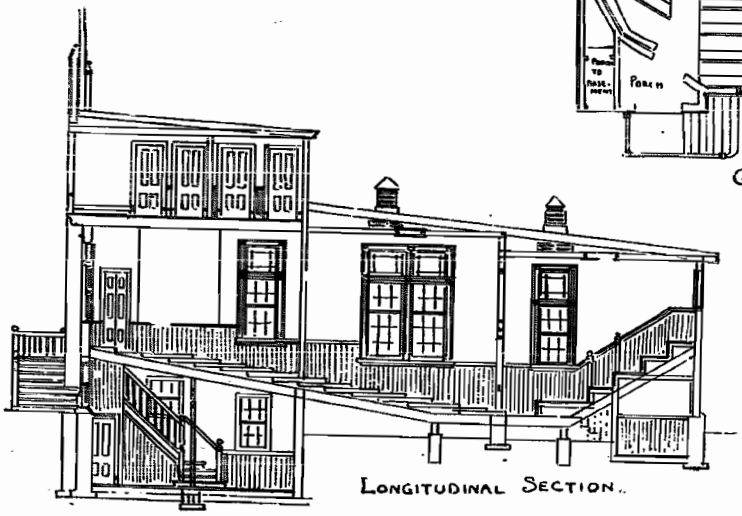


GROUND PLAN



LONGITUDINAL SECTION.

The Commandant Celebrates

— THE —

10th ANNIVERSARY OF OUR FIRST SHOT IN GUELPH.

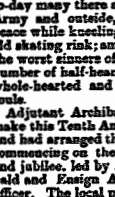
A Tip-Top Time!

REPORTED BY ENSIGN McMILLAN.

It is just ten years ago since war was declared against sin and unrighteousness in the Royal City of Guelph, by the Salvation Army with three hallelujah lasses, whose privilege it was to first unfold the flag of yellow, red and blue, and to preach the straight undefiled religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. As a result of their efforts a great revival sprang up, and to-day many there are all over Canada, in the Army and outside, who found pardon and peace while kneeling in the sawdust of the old skating rink; amongst them being many of the worst sinners of the place. Also a great number of half-hearted Christians were made whole-hearted and set on fire for God and souls.

Adjutant Archibald had spared no pains to make this Tenth Anniversary a grand success, and had arranged three days' special meetings, commencing on the Friday with a banquet and jubilee, led by Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald and Ensign Aikenhead, an old Guelph officer. The local people say the banquet was the best held for years.

Saturday night had been set apart for a grand reception to the Commandant and Brigadier Holland, at G. T. R. depot. However, as the Commandant and Brigadier could not arrive in time, this was abandoned in favor of



BRIG. HOLLAND.

AN OPEN-AIR DEMONSTRATION,

to be held on the square, which to say the least of it, proved a distinct hit. The crowd gathered around, and for upwards of an hour listened to the testimonies of the soldiers, as they told what they had been once and how God had delivered them from bondage, and was quite willing to deliver others. After the meeting a poor drunkard followed the Adjutant to the barracks, told him he was anxious to get saved and lead a different life. The Adjutant prayed with him, and in a few moments God spoke peace to that sinner's heart, proving once again that God can save the drunkard.

Sunday morning knee-drill was a time of refreshing, kind of a getting-up-steam meeting for the day's fight, at which the soldiers solemnly pledged themselves (1) to keep praying and working for the success of the meetings, and (2) yield implicit obedience to the command of the Holy Ghost and their leaders.

ENSIGN McMILLAN.

Promptly at ten a.m. the amalgamated brass band of Galt and Guelph left the barracks for "a march round Jericho," and what with the

Blowing of Horns

and shoutings of the soldiery, it was not their fault that the city did not fall, but the people were thoroughly roused up and given to understand we were alive.

As the band was finishing playing, after the soldiers had filed into the barracks, up came the Commandant, and without any preliminaries at once started a red-hot prayer meeting, with the band on the sidewalk. Inside, we had a beautiful time. The Brigadier read to us about the ruler who came to Jesus inquiring the way to obtaining eternal life, and how that, after Jesus told him the way, it proved too much for him, for he went away sorrowful.

The Brigadier used some

Forcible Illustrations,

showing the utter uselessness of setting a premium on one's salvation.

Immediately after the Brigadier, Brother Coramie soloed. By the way, he is one of the Army's first converts in Guelph. Before the Army struck town, Coramie was a drunkard, whose case everybody, himself included, thought hopeless; yet, glory to God, it is over two years since he tasted drink. Judging by his solo, part of which follows, he is not afraid to testify as to what God has done for him.

TUNE—*Glory be to God on high.*

Upon the Army platform, see
Converted drunkards stand,
Who have been washed in Jesus' blood,
A holy, happy band.

We have left our wretched, drunken state
And found a state of grace;
No more we're on the downward grade,
We're on the upward way.

After a few testimonies, the Commandant rose, and in a plain, unmistakable manner dealt out the straight truths of the Gospel, especially warning all present to watch; watch when at work: watch when at home; watch when on the street; watch in the barracks, and in fact, watch always and everywhere. As this principle governs things temporal, equally so (if not more so) does it govern spiritual matters.

Watchfulness

is essential to safety. It is he that endureth to the end who shall be saved.

The comrades drank in every word, and as soon as the order was given for a rally near the penitent-form, they fell to and prayed. A dear bandsman, especially, who felt he had not been quite as watchful as he might have been, got into glorious liberty, and thanked God for it.

GUELPH BARRACKS.

AFTERNOON.

The open-air in the afternoon was a rouser, and judging from the crowd around, who drank in every word, and joined in the singing, it was heartily appreciated. Led by the Commandant, more new rackets were worked in a half an hour than an ordinary man could think of in——well, long enough, and the singing was simply gorgeous. Of course, the skilful manipulation of the Commandant's concertina, seconded by Brigadier Holland's, and "thirded" by Ensign McMillan's cornet, all helped matters along.

Brother Brown, our colored brother, who plays the instruments that fits everybody's mouth, soloed after his own down-south idea of doing things:

"God locked the lion's jaw."

Brother Brown was followed by Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Brown was followed by Miss Brown—father, wife, and daughter: all of whom testified as to what God had done for their home "since they get saved in the Army."

Closely following the Brown family, came Joe Jackson,

Another Colored Brother.

Brother Phillpot was the next in the ring; this is a man who is always telling the devil's funeral knell. He said that open-air put him in mind when he first heard the Army standing on that same spot, just ten years ago that Sunday morning, then his heart was filled with remorse, and darkness, and sorrow. Now he enjoyed perpetual sunshine.

Last, but not least, comes our friend "Sir" Walter Scott. Here indeed, and of a truth, is a brand plucked from the burning. Previous to his conversion he had been on the brink of

A Drunkard's Grave

and at the doorway of a drunkard's hell; but He sent deliverance just in time. Instead of Walter sinking into a premature grave, as everyone took for granted on account of his previous follies, he has become one of the most useful and brightest of our local people in the part of the country. Besides having spent a great part of his time in travelling, especially through the Dominion, much of his literary work and a great many of his songs have gone the round of the *Crys* of the world. However, coming back to his testimony, Brother Scott said that of course it was of no use his telling them what he had been, either before or after conversion, as almost everyone in the city knew him. One thing he could tell them, and that was that God could do the same for them.

As to the meeting inside, the following, culled from the *Guelph Daily Mercury*, will give a pretty fair description:—

It is ten years ago Friday since the Salvation Army opened fire on Guelph. The local corps still exists and is in a healthy condition, and it will no doubt continue to exist and carry on its good work. In its own sphere it has done a great deal of good in this city during that period.

It was somewhat of a disappointment to the crowd when the train arrived and it was learned the Commandant was not on board. A telegram was received at the station, however, that he had missed the train, but would arrive by the midnight.

The soldiers then marched to St. George's Square and held an open-air meeting. On the arrival of the midnight the two bands and some of the soldiers marched to the station.

Commandant Booth and Brigadier Holland conducted the services at the barracks on Sunday morning.

The afternoon meeting was the great meeting. The barracks was most becomingly decorated with the Army colors—red, blue and yellow—red and blue streamers, union jacks and evergreens, with appropriate mottoes. Facing the platform was a large streamer bearing the words, "Welcome to Commandant and Staff." The building was crowded.

After some preliminaries the Commandant remarked that he was supposed to say something about some of the secrets of the Salvation Army. Although he appeared on behalf of the Salvation Army he was not narrow-minded nor bigoted towards other forms of worship, only the Salvation Army appeared to him to be the best on the face of the earth. Some thought the Methodists were, but he asked the congregation to put themselves in the place of the Salvation Army and then say which was the best. The first secret of the success of the Salvation Army was the great use it made of song singing of all kinds and sorts, but only singing such songs as could be pressed into the service of the Lord Jesus Christ for the salvation and elevation of the human race. Here he called on Mrs. Archibald to sing a solo.

He referred to the Salvation Army as a great moving power in the world, to the spiritual refreshment of such gatherings as these, and hoped that there would be a great gathering of the soldiers from all over when the General came next year.

Referring to the work of the Army he said that, despite all opposition, it had established for itself a mighty realm, and was found wherever the sun shone. Another secret of the success of the Army was the love of hard work. One of the great drawbacks was not the lack of eloquence, nor ability, but the want of means. In the Salvation Army there is a sphere of work for everyone from the captain down to the new born cadet.

Before concluding he said he loved Canada, and desired to be a Canadian. If he was not a Canadian himself he had a little boy who was. He counselled the soldiers to struggle, to battle, to go on working, without delay or halting.

The above, however, does not touch upon one little incident, and that was the marshalling of the Black Diamond Brigade. No sooner had the Commandant finished speaking, than he decided we should have a song from the Brigade. And it might be as well for me to say here that this Brigade was formed on the spot, and consisted of our friends — Father, and Mother, and Sissy Brown, aforesaid; also two or three other little Browns, Joe Johnson, and others. They sang; and if you believe it, they can sing. Father Brown led, so did Mrs. Brown. Miss Brown, No. 1, helped, as did also Masters Brown, No. 1 and 2, while Joe Johnson put in the tremolo

On the Bones,

and I suppose did a little bass singing.

We were delighted to once more see our old friends, Brother and Sister Sweetman, and Brother and Sister Dawson, on the platform, all of whom, although being detained from being at the front of the fight, yet are fighting away as true and loyal soldiers in the corps; the former, as Secretary; and the latter, as Sergeant-Major. May God abundantly bless them, and own their labors. Also Brother Ben Weston, blowing the bombardon.

Dear old "Holy Ann" was there. She loves the Army to-day as much as in the early days when she went travelling round with Commissioner Coombs; but still she is beginning to feel the biting blast of winter, and her sun is falling far in the West.

A unique equipment

Of the evening meeting, the *Mercury* states:—

Previous to the opening of the evening meeting, a procession was formed, and marched to St. George's Square, where an open-air meeting was conducted by the Commandant. When they arrived at the barracks, the place was again crowded to the doors. The Commandant, assisted by Brigadier Holland, conducted a regular hallelujah, Sunday night Salvation Army meeting. He read a portion of the Scriptures from the 20th chapter of Matthew, commencing at the 30th verse, taking as a subject for his address, the two blind men sitting by the wayside, crying to Christ to have mercy on them, that they might receive their sight. He gave a very forcible illustration of this to the audience, how the sinner would be accepted by God by coming to Him in the same humble spirit as the blind men came, and also to follow His footsteps as those poor blind men did.

After the audience had dispersed, a large reception meeting was held by the Commandant to the soldiers. He gave them some friendly advice, and urged them to stand by their colors, as the cloud which had been hanging over them of late, had now passed away, and the work which they were engaged in under his command had rapidly increased, both in the social reform and spiritual work this winter, not only in Toronto, but throughout the whole Dominion.

The recruits were sworn in round the drum, in proper "Roundhead fashion," under the banner held by the Commandant, as true followers of the Bleeding Lamb.

GALT.

It had been arranged that a public reception should be held at the station.

The sound of the dear old drum was soon heard in the distance, and in a few seconds the reception party came in sight.

The Commandant, true to his old custom, started off with a red-hot prayer meeting in the street; thus, at the onset, making every one feel at home.

We arrived at barracks just in time to meet a wagon load of soldiers from Paris, Ingersoll

we found a nice, snug room, suitable for soldiers' councils, banquets, etc. The labor had been given free by the soldiers and friends; therefore, the lumber was the only cost of the alterations, which came to $150 in all.

In the interval before the banquet, the Commandant could have been noticed sitting astride a chair listening; yes, to an old army (Queen's) veteran.

"What are those four medals on your breast for?" asked the Commandant.

"Well, sir, the first I got from Crimea, the second for being one of the relieving party of Lucknow, the third in China, and the fourth,

sir, I reckon the best of the lot, for I get it from the Lord, through the Salvation Army." (Needless to say it was an Army badge.)

"Ah," said he, continuing, "those days out in Crimea were the days of sin and recklessness. Although continually carrying our lives in our hands, no doubt the devilment was too much for us. I remember one day we were lying before Sebastapol. It was an awfully warm day, and being exposed to the rays of the sun we were very thirsty. Therefore the Captain called us to gather round the trenches, and began measuring out the grog. After he had filled one or two canteens out of the barrel, and passed them on to the men, a shot struck the breast of the trench, and rebounding into the air fell in amongst us. Instantly someone shouted, 'A shell! a shell!' The Captain left his place at the grog-barrel and made for the wall, and sticking his head in one of the holes, he waited for it to go off. The scare of the shell, however, was a farce, as it turned out to be a hard shot. This we were not slow in noticing, nor the unguarded barrel, for instantly I had my jug in, and I assure you it was surprising how quick that grog passed along the line.

"'Has that shell gone off yet?' shouted the Captain in the hole.

"No answer.

"'Has that shell gone yet?' This time he fairly roared the query.

"'It's not a shell,' some shouted, 'round shot, but your grog is going off in great style.'

"Instantly his head was out of the hole, and the almost empty barrel told its own tale, and I can assure you we were suitably dealt with."

Glory to God! This old soldier, though spending the best part of his life in the devil's service, yet with his hoary hair he is doing his best to advance the claims of King Emanuel on all he meets, and as a result his family have all been converted since his conversion. God bless Sergeant Webb.

The open-air was a success. A beautiful crowd stood and listened, and seemed intensely interested.

The meeting in the barracks was also a success.

Captain Rutledge spoke very earnestly upon a certain subject, which seemed to be laid on his heart (the collection), and you can judge as to how well he did this by the fact that the Commandant said he would donate a $5 bill, the announcing of which was received with a tremendous volley. As the proceeds were to go to the repairs, the people responded freely and very soon a nice little sum was collected.

At this juncture we had a song from our German comrades from Berlin. The comrades after singing gave their testimonies, some in German and some in English.

The Commandant then called upon Brother Galletly, better known in the early days as "Lightning Fred," to pray.

In the congregation we noticed several of the prominent citizens of the town. Amongst others being the Rev. Dr. Dixon, Rev. Mr. King and Hon. James Young, ex-M.P.

Altogether, the Commandant's visit to Galt was a bright success. The soldiers and friends were fired up, and the visiting officers received a cheer and a nice little shove along. Hallelujah!

The Commandant and Mrs. Booth conducted a most blessed meeting, for local officers, at Lippincott recently. A number of new plans, of vast importance to the Army in Canada, were laid before the locals, inspiring and cheering one and all.

"Deliver him that suffereth wrong from the hand of the oppressor; and be not faint-hearted when thou sittest in judgment."—*Ecclesiasticus* iv. 9.

Friday Night.

THE COMMANDANT AND MRS. BOOTH

Again at the Y. W. C. A. Hall.

Crowds — Attention — Waves of Glory — Pool Crowded with Seekers—Hallelujahs!

THE MEETINGS TO BE CONTINUED INDEFINITELY.

"Step out on the promise,
Get under the Blood."

This was the couplet that rang out again and again, in the rapidly filling Elm Street Hall last Friday night.

These meetings start like a strong man to run a race. As they proceed the spiritual atmosphere waxes hotter and hotter, till at the climax the Pool has to be enlarged to accommodate the persons who come seeking the leaves of the tree which is for the healing of the nations.

The opening song was lined out in separate editions. Staff Captain Friedrich had a go at one verse, but he was not half so dramatic as Mother Florence.

If you want a sensation, watch Mother Florence when the Commandant makes her his chief clerk in the service. Talk about Sarah Bernhardt! No, don't; come, rather, and see Mother Florence's beaming face and hear her dramatic, yet natural lining out of a Salvation song.

After well hoisting the song, we all knelt. A good many closed their eyes. The Commandant said, "Lord, teach us to pray."

At this juncture two persons started praying aloud; then one gave way and the other held on. The one that held on was Mother Florence. (Glory!) She praised God for the power already present, and besought the Lord to heal the broken-hearted and baptize the Commandant and Mrs. Booth. (Amens.)

"I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by,
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh."

This song went well. There was adoration in the air. Adjutant Jones' piano accompaniment and three capital cornetists, who, in the way of harmony, were putting under contribution a large proportion of the notes in the chromatic scale, lent wings to the tune and bore us heavenward.

The second song of the evening was a specially heaven-born one.

"Come, Jesus Lord, with holy fire,
Come and my quickened heart inspire,
Cleansed in Thy precious Blood."

The tune "Praise."

The church militant owes a great debt of gratitude to the individual who composed the music of "Praise." Hear it; as a congregation gives way to its inspiring, uplifting strains. Towards the close it takes one steady, tremendous run up the scale, like a rocket piercing the midnight sky, and then, reaching its climax, falls in constellations of fire back to earth. Such is "Praise." I recommend the tune to every corps in the Dominion.

There were many testimonies given. A lassie said God was enabling her to live under His smile. Lieutenant Ross quoted the text, "If any man love Me, he will keep My commandments, and We will come and make our abode with him," and said that he experienced the truth of that Scripture. For two weeks past he had walked like the prophet Elijah did, whose constant testimony was, "As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand." It was a wonderful condescension that God should come and dwell in him, so sinful, so unworthy as he was, but He actually had come, and His presence within him drove out impurity.

"Oh, the Blood,"

was sung as the rock-bottom truth, from whence is derived all holiness.

Mother Florence said when quite a little child she used to hear her precious mother saying to the Lord, "Make me an Israelite indeed, in whom there is no guile," and often the tears streamed down her mother's cheeks as she presented that petition to the Lord. What could her mother mean by an "Israelite without guile?" But she found out the meaning when she got amongst those Salvation Army folk. Mother Florence had quoted the verse, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," etc., but a man full of the Holy Ghost said, "Mother, you have not got the whole of it."

"The whole of it," said Mother Florence; "why, what's that?"

He said, "Go and read the next verse."

Mother Florence did so and found (here Mother Florence's voice waxed loud) that "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." (Shouts of glory.)

We sang

"Yes, Jesus loves me,"

making an exchange in the last line from "The Bible tells me so," to "I feel it in my soul."

Said the Commandant: "Yes! He loves us. That Being Who created the tiny blade of grass beneath our feet and the eighty millions of stars visible in the great blue sky above is the Jesus Who loves us. (Hallelujahs!) What devil need we fear!"

A Captain quoted: "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Adjutant Miller said: "Blessed are the undefiled in the way." He proved this blessedness. God had kept him with a knowledge of sins forgiven and desiring to know nothing else but Jesus Christ and Him crucified. A lady had said to him, "I do not mind giving practical assistance, but I do not like coming to the front." These fears could be scattered, for Jesus is strong to deliver.

"I dare, Lord; I dare, Lord;
I dare do all for Thee!"

was sung.

"Dare you!" questioned the Commandant, of the audience. "Has the moment at last come? After the agony and striving of the secret hours of your life, dare you? Has the moment come for God to be glorified? There is in every person's history one supreme event which includes every other event. Fail at that moment and all else is failure. It was so with Jesus. He bore many crosses all through His ministry, but that would have availed nothing had He have failed at *The* Cross. All His magnificent past would not have prevented the angels mourning if He had failed at that last supreme moment. So it may be with you. God may be calling you to be an officer, and if He has, you cannot serve Him as a dressmaker. You can only do His will in the path which He calls you."

Ensign Wiseman, who has recently been promoted, was called up for a few farewell words. The Commandant introduced him as having fought a good fight at Richmond Street, and now he was going to have a district, with the responsibility of several corps to lead to success.

Ensign Wiseman said:

"I thank God that I have proved His promises true on my behalf. I used to think if I yielded myself to God, I should be called upon to do something hard, but I find He is there, and His grace is sufficient in the path of duty."

The Commandant here requested a continuance of prayer on behalf of these special Friday night meetings. He asked that we would come to them "like a bee goes to a flower, not to sit on it, or repose on it, but to get the honey from it."

Brigadier de Barritt said he had then an experience which was a source of joy to him. Receiving entire sanctification had been the occasion of a complete turning round in his life. Not till then did he become willing to do the whole will of God. All the ambitions in life, which he had carefully arranged, were knocked over when he received full salvation.

Mrs. Booth sang us a beautiful song, with a go-ahead chorus tacked on, that we could all join in with.

Mrs. Booth said we ought to have that religion that made us roll up our sleeves, and help others. We should acquaint ourselves with other people's trials in order to help them. Too many shrink the Cross. The martyrs said (here Mrs. Booth sang a beautiful chorus)

"Over the waves to Thee?"

but we cry for a rosy path, and smooth waters. Let us be willing, not only to talk, but also to die. Unwillingness to obey, indicates something wrong within. Lady Macbeth, the murderess, is depicted as seeing stains of blood on her hand, and she cries, "Go, cursed spot!" then tries to rub off the blood-marks, but they will not go. In the anguish of a guilty conscience, she cries, "Oh, all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this hand." And, continued Mrs. Booth, all the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten our hearts, but the precious blood of Jesus can.

(Singing):

"Oh, the waters of the sea
Cannot wash my sins away;
But Thy precious blood
Can do the deed to-day."

The meeting gathered in spiritual power as the net was pulled in. Many more most pungent remarks fell from the lips of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and a mighty grip was taken of God by the battalions of the Lord who were kneeling around.

"Clear the table out of the way!"

"Move the seats."

"Make way."

"Hallelujah! Thank God for another seeker."

"Place more chairs."

"Enlarge the pool."

"Glory! glory!! glory!!!"

Readers, it is no use trying to describe these glorious windings-up; you need to come and see.

By the conclusion of the meeting the penitents seat had to be extended nearly across the front of the hall, and others were kneeling on the raised platform. It was a glorious smash.

JOHN COMPLIN.

HURRAH FOR THE "CRY."

SUSSEX, March 16th, 1894.

To the Editor:

I have just been devouring the CRY. This week's number is a ——— what will I say? I don't want to flatter too much. Let me see. It's a BEAUTY. Now, that is drawing it mild. Someone said, "Drop a few lines to the Editor and tell him."

Your report of the Friday night meeting in the Y. W. C. A., led by the Commandant, did my soul good; I almost felt the heavenly breezes from that meeting; I was there in spirit. Years ago I used to enjoy the S. A. meetings at Toronto. God bless Toronto. God bless you all.

Yours in Christ, C. R. MITCHELL,
(*alias*) "Happy Charlie."

"The Greatest and Best of all Canadian Religious Publications—THE WAR CRY."—J. H. MERRITT.

Friday Afternoon at the Temple.

If you want to get a real soul-feed call in Friday afternoon to the Holiness meeting in the basement of the Temple.

There is always a grand feast spread, dishes full of courage, plates full of patience, cups of grace, and saucers brimful of love, *your* share is there too, waiting for you, so call in and take it.

We're enjoying "a feast of fat things" living in spiritual "clover," singing all the time.

"It's good to be here, it's good to be here,
Thy perfect love drives away fear,
And the light streaming down the pathway all clear,
It's food for my soul to be here."

Oh, hallelujah, God DOES satisfy. Our meeting last week went by itself, it seemed as though Mrs. de Barritt only had to stand on the bridge and direct its course, there was such a spontaneous outburst of spiritual freedom, and heavenly joy that knew no bounds.

After the lesson was read and some good testimonies given, Mrs. de Barritt finished up by clearly pointing the way to holiness. Thank God *two* came out to walk in the path. Hallelujah!

The afternoon meeting whetted our appetite for the night meeting, led by the Commandant, which truly was the *crowning time*. What a blessed hallowing influence was felt throughout, how clearly God spoke, and fully trusting Him, how glad we left the meeting, certain that our lives should show forth the blessings so freely given.—Ensign FRITH.

"HELLO!"

"Good-day!"

"I'm right glad to see you."

"Thanks. I'm also glad to see you. My word, though, I'm very dry."

"Dry! You don't mean you have taken to drinking, do you?"

"Aye, that I do; but not the old *style*. I drink in the way the song says:

'It comes in floods we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.'"

"Oh, if that's how you mean I can tell you where to get a drink. Mrs. de Barritt has a Friday afternoon holiness meeting at the Temple, Albert Street. Let us drop in there together. It is reported to be right good."

"Amen! So we will."

EASTER WAR CRY.

If you did not get the Easter War Cry and Supplement because the Captain had sold out, ask him to send to the Trade Secretary for some more. We supply all orders by return mail as long as the stock will last.

The Social Revolution.

THE Social Scheme's Prospects.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL.

Recent developments in the Social Scheme, originating fresh interest and new criticism, have made us exceedingly anxious to give *Darkest England Gazette* readers an authoritative opinion. This desire led to our Representative, at a late hour on Thursday evening, waiting upon the author of the Scheme. The General, just returned from a fatiguing, but unprecedentedly successful series of three days' meetings at Manchester, kindly and readily granted an interview, though we found the subject to be of too great dimensions to treat within the limits of a single article. Consequently, we give the General's views upon the latest, and, perhaps, most pressing, phases of the question, promising a further instalment in another issue.

The Interviewer commenced by asking,

"So far as you have gone, General, do you continue to be satisfied that the principles upon which you have worked your Scheme, and propose to work it, are sound?"

The General gave an immediate and emphatic "Yes! I have more confidence in them every day. In fact, they are not only right principles, but the only principles on which we have any just ground to expect to alleviate and remove the miseries with which we are endeavoring to deal. If a man is down, and can't get up, and you recognise the obligation of rendering him some assistance, instead of leaving him to perish, there are only two ways of doing it. The one is, by doing it for him by the dead lift of charity, which, in the long run, probably does him more harm than good; or by

Teaching Him to Help Himself,

and providing Him with the means which are necessary to this."

"Do you, then, object to charity altogether?"

"Decidedly not, if it is rightly bestowed. It is one of the most beautiful and admirable instincts of the human soul to wish to remove misery and relieve distress. What I desire is, that charity should be directed into such channels, and employed in such a manner as will do the largest amount of good to the greatest number of people, and in such a way as will be permanently beneficial to those assisted, and to society in general!"

"Then you consider, General, that what is required in order to accomplish the good desired, is not more generosity, but a wiser direction of it?"

"That's it! The amount of money at present expended upon the relief of the destitute and the reclamation of the vicious would be amply sufficient not only for the amelioration of the misery but for the actual and lasting deliverance of the sufferers. For instance I am quite satisfied that there is not a Poor Law Union in the land the amount of whose indoor and outdoor relief, if utilised on the principles that I am trying to work out at Hadleigh, would not alone be ample to meet the necessities of the destitute at the present hour, but which, in a very short time, would go far to

Extinguish the Race of Paupers

dependent upon it, besides providing funds equal to meet the social wreckage taking place in the community from time to time."

"You speak strongly, General; but you have been making a new experiment lately in this direction, I think?"

"Yes; we have commenced what I hope will prove to be a very general exodus from the workhouses to the land. The Camberwell Board of Guardians, who appear to be unusually energetic and enterprising, with the permission of the Local Government Board, have passed over to our care fifty of their able-bodied men-paupers These are now at Hadleigh. It is rather early to speak definitely of the experiment, but, so far as we can judge, it is promising most hopefully."

"The common idea is that this class of men won't work. What has been your experience?"

"My answer to that question is the simple statement that the fifty men sent down are, with a few exceptions, at work on the Farm to-day, and can be seen by any who wish it, breaking up land for root-crops, tending the cattle, trenching and draining, making roads, turning clay for bricks, digging and planting in the market gardens and nursery grounds, hammering in the blacksmith's shop, stitching in the boot and shoe factory, and otherwise engaged."

"You intimate that there were some exceptions to this willingness to work?"

"Yes, nine out of fifty returned to the Union. Of these, three were really ill and unequal to the work, and ought not to have been sent down; three others did not feel strong enough at the outset, and instead of holding on until the fresh air and wholesome food invigorated them, lost heart; while three of the others went off, just because they did not want to work at all, and," said the General, with strong emphasis, "that class never will work so long as they can find

People Simple Enough to Keep Them Without.

When Society says, 'If you won't work, you shan't eat!' them they will work, and not till then."

"Do you contemplate extending the system adopted in the Camberwell case?"

"Certainly. We are prepared to take a couple of hundred men at once, and at the present time several Boards of Guardians are negotiating with us to this end."

"Practically there is no limit to this method, General?"

"No. Seeing that these men can be made, with a little supplementary assistance at the onset, to earn their own livelihood, we can absorb both men and women as fast as they can be got ready."

Relief for the Ratepayer.

"Does not this mean the lifting from the shoulders of the poor Ratepayer the burden under which he groans long and loud—the ever-increasing Poor Rate?"

"Most certainly it does! All that is needed to effectually relieve him is the patient and systematic application of the Scheme, and the finding of a certain amount of capital to work it for a season. For instance, if we take a man and meet his wants of food, and raiment, and home; if we can strengthen him in his physical powers, and train him in the exercise of them, so that he will be capable of performing the necessary labor, and then transport him ten thousand miles away, and that at a less, or very little greater, sum of money than he will cost in the workhouse for the time being, the deliverance of the ratepayer from this burden, is possible enough if he will only avail himself of it."

"But, General, does not a large part of the expenditure of the Poor Law system arise from the care of the children, the invalids, and the old people?"

"No doubt it does; but if you abolish the pauper, you will abolish the pauper's children, and the present generation of children, if managed on the half-time plan, could, before they reach man and womanhood, be made to earn all that it cost the parish in their early days."

"And the old people?"

"Don't you see, if the old people had lived on their own little farm, and had their own little cottage and orchard, when they come to be past work, they could sit in the chimney-corner while the son and daughter looked after the place, and so

Enjoy the Fruits of Their Early Labors."

"Truly a beautiful picture, General. Are not the friends of education now battling with the difficulty connected with the industrial schools arising from the fact that the boys and girls, when discharged at the age of sixteen, are simply carried away by friends and circumstances, into all manner of evil, by which the good effects of their training, which in each case has cost the country, on an average, £200 or £300, are undone?"

"True. This very week a deputation has been waiting on the Home Secretary, asking for an arrangement to be sanctioned which would allow the authorities to retain the children until they were eighteen years of age, unless it could be shown that they were going into circumstances favorable to morality and industry."

"What would you do in such a case?"

"As well as teaching them book-knowledge, I would so direct their instruction, and I would so employ them, that they should have repaid all that they have cost, as well as possess the ability to earn their livelihood with their own hands. At the same time, you will see that there would have been every chance for their characters being sufficiently formed and fixed for them to go forth and be good citizens, instead of going to join the armies of rascaldom, which is now commonly the case."

"To touch upon another aspect of the industrial side of your Scheme, General, has it provided any

Employment for the Out-of-Works in the City

as well as on the Farm?"

"We have at the present hour, between six and seven hundred men in London alone, for whom we provide daily sufficient employment to supply comfortably all their wants. In some cases, we go beyond this. People whom we have taken up out of the streets, absolutely on the verge of starvation, are earning sums varying from fourteen to twenty shillings a week."

"What a pity, General, that you cannot at once widen operations in this direction!"

"Yes. If we could have some slight assistance similar to that granted us in the case of the fifty men on the Farm, we could find work for three or four hundred more immediately. But anyone will see at a glance that you cannot make these extension without an enlargement of capital, and, unfortunately,

My Capital Has Long Since Given Out.

Notwithstanding, owing to the pressure of the necessity, I have been compelled, the last few weeks, to go a little further into debt, feeling sure that ultimately the public will recognise the wisdom of my plan, and come to my assistance."

Help for the Married.

"Up to the present, I think, General, you have only dealt with the single men?"

"Unfortunately that has been largely the case, but as an illustration of what could be done, we have now a man, his wife and five children on the Farm. The family had been in the workhouse for some months, and the husband begged the authorities to permit him to go out and find work, promising, as soon as he succeeded in his object, to come back and fetch his wife and children. They persistently refused his request, it being contrary to regulation, so, one day, sick of the business, he took them out on speculation, and travelled a considerable distance. Finally, he came to the gates of the Farm late one Sunday afternoon. They took him in, and he and his family are there to-day working and eating to their hearts' content, and earning all they cost. But still, to my great regret, we have not been able to do much for the married people. I have, however, just offered to find work for married men in the city if assistance can be given me equivalent to that afforded to the men on the Farm, and I will do the same to any extent on the land if I can have the necessary capital."

"To do something in the city would be a step in the direction of preventing that sorrowful business, the breaking up of the poor man's little home, which, according to the existing law, must be brought about before he can obtain relief?"

"Yes, that is the point I have in my mind. I think we could help the man round the corner by enabling him to pay his rent, and giving him a trifle of money to keep the family going till better days, with but a small monetary subsidy from the guardians."

"Then, General, there are the workless women."

"We are trying to do something for them, too. Mrs. Bramwell Booth has offered to take a number of women on the same conditions as we have taken the Camberwell men."

"And I understand you to say, General, that the guardians can farm out, so to speak, their able-bodied paupers, at a less cost than they could maintain them within the walls of the Union, with the enormous advantage of knowing that they are being well fed, industriously and usefully employed, instructed in some new methods of labor, and with a probability of their being taken off their hands for ever?"

"That is exactly what I do say?"

"Then obviously it is to the great advantage of the ratepayers to encourage the experiment that you are now making?"

"I have no doubt of it, seeing that they could do it with present, as well as prospective, benefits."

Is the Over-Sea Colony Settled Upon?

"Kindly permit one question as to the Over-Sea Colony. Have you settled anything yet?"

"I can say nothing further than that enquiries are being steadily pushed forward by agents on the spot. I think you may say that I have practically decided upon the country, if I can obtain the land that is required, and make the necessary arrangements for that quarter of the globe, and I am hoping to be soon in a position to make the long-expected announcement. Meanwhile, I still plead for a little longer grace. If any of my friends are disposed to be impatient, all I have to say to them is, let them come and look at what we are doing!"

To My Fallen Sister

— IN THE —

CITY OF DESTRUCTION.

(*By kindness of the Editor of the "War Cry."*)

My Precious Sister,—I have a God-inspired idea. It has occurred to me that I can talk to you through the columns of the War Cry in as perfect secrecy as you and I used so much to enjoy in the twilight of a Sunday's summer evening.

Some time ago I chanced upon this passage in my Bible, "The mouth of hell is yawning wide to receive them." I became filled as never before with a deep yearning for your soul's salvation, and since then have given myself over to much prayer and fasting on your behalf.

Lately, God has given me the assurance that the time is now ripe for your return to purity and goodness. With my soul's eye I have seen your tears of repentance for your heart-sins that have led you on late open, shameful sin these past five years. Yes, I believe that many a night your pillow is wet with the outward sign of inward sorrow, and that you suffer a soul-sickness that makes your life one long nightmare.

I believe that God in His great mercy has shown you the bottom of hell, the open door of Heaven, and the five bleeding wounds Jesus bore for you. But the devil is at hand to whisper, "It is too late." I write to tell you that the devil is a liar.

Shall you sell your soul to pay the devil his price of admission into hell?

Your health—it is broken; you are ashamed to come to us in such a condition. Don't wait until you are better, only giving Satan an opportunity to put another noose around your neck. Come just as you are.

Your clothes—so ragged and dirt-bedrabbled; you could not have us see you so; or perhaps there is nothing at your hand but borrowed finery. I will help you.

You may be in the hospital dying, or in some house you would not want me to enter. I will come to you and bring you home to father and mother and the dear old farm you used to love in your innocent girlhood.

You have self-denied all these years, letting the devil rob you of all that makes a woman a woman—her purity. Through the mercy of God you have come to a crisis in your experience. He has been so gracious as to turn aside and plead with you and bring you to repentance. He has put into your heart an intense desire for goodness and purity.

Come Away, Come Away!

Come immediately that you read this, that you may not lose the courage of your convictions. Do be quick! Be quick! God longs to save you, but the devil has you tight in his grasp, and is determined to damn you. Will you let him? Oh, do come home! The side door is never locked, and there is always a light in the window at night. Come home, and it shall be as though you left us but yesterday! Your affectionate

SISTER.

A DESPAIRING WAIL.

The despairing wail of a lost woman is reproduced by Mr. Stead.

"I have taken hope—I drink. I'm lost. I shall never be anything else. I am far worse than ever I was, and am going to the devil as fast as I can. It's no use. But if I come within a thousand miles of that old fiend, if I don't knife her, if I swing for it. When I think what I might have been, but for her! What have they done with my life?"

Woman's Underworld.

Vagrant Women — A Night Shelter—Heroines—Out in the Dark.

(From the Toronto Empire.)

It was Saturday night, and up and down Yonge Street passed the throng of shoppers—the girls from stores, the young men from factories, the mothers and fathers of modest means on marketing intent, the street corner lounger, and the street corner evangelist.

Out of the light and noise, I turned into the dimness of Albert Street, for the space of a few hundred yards, then paused before a low double cottage, whose roughcast walls, and green shutters stood distinct in the semi-darkness. Above the door were the words: "Working Women's Home—Salvation Army."

My knock brought a little woman to the door.

"A night shelter? Yes, our home is certainly that," the Captain answered, "but the women are in bed."

"That is just why I chose this hour for coming," I answered, and then, without further demure, I was made welcome.

To the left of the hall were three rooms occupied by the Staff, which consists of the little woman—Captain Soper, by name—and two Lieutenants. The first is a parlor or board room, into which I barely glanced; the second, a cosy sitting-room; and the third, a bedroom, which I noted in detail. The floor is covered with oilcloth. There were three little iron beds, neat, with white linen and blue, woven counterpanes, a plain dresser and toilet stand, bearing above it the inscription, "Clean hands and a pure heart;" three grey-painted wooden chairs, white muslin curtains. It was spotless in its simplicity, and restful in its pure grey and white—this little sleeping room of these brave, young women officers.

Crossing the hall we entered the first of the shelter rooms, a sleeping apartment, containing five iron bedsteads, wooden chairs and a strip of carpet down the room centre. Two of the beds were occupied by sleeping women. A tumbled mass of iron-grey hair told me that one was elderly; the other, with bandaged head, was young.

"Where do these women live," I enquired of the Captain.

"Nowhere," she answered; "all the home they have when not in jail is here. Some of our women nighters are 'regulars.' I mean," she continued, in answer to my enquiring look, "many of them return night after night, occupying generally the same bed."

"They must leave every morning, then?"

"Yes," said the little woman, "except on Sunday. We give them a free dinner on Sunday to induce them to remain with us and attend the meetings at the Temple."

As we stood in the half-dim room, looking at the sleepers, a loud knock at the door told of a fresh arrival; and in a moment the quietness was broken by the boisterous speech of a drunken woman. I gave an involuntary start, but Captain Soper listened a moment, smiled and sighed together.

"It's only Mary back again," she said, "and she went out sober this morning. The Lieutenants will look after her."

She opened a door and passed through a little passage way to two rooms furnished with beds only, and bedding of a coarser quality. There were no chairs and no strips of carpet.

"These beds are for the worst cases—the drunks," she said. "We have nothing in but mere necessities, and we fumigate them every day. The daily cleansing of these rooms is one of our unpleasant duties."

Leaving the sleeping rooms we went down into the old-fashioned basement, first into a cosy, warm, low-ceilinged basement, where a Lieutenant was pouring out a cup of hot tea for the drunkard upstairs; then into the bath-room—a clean, comfortable place, with large bath and row of tin wash bowls; and afterwards into an empty room filled with tubs, where the women vagrants may cleanse their poor draggled garments. The place was spotlessly clean and free from odor.

Another "drunk" had come in during our absence, and we returned upstairs and entered the dining-room—an airy, bright apartment—to find both these, with a third more sober "nighter," under the care of the the two young officers, drinking cups of hot tea and talking maudlin words.

Poor creatures. One was a small, slight, elderly woman, with an abundance of grey hair, sharp features, and blue eyes glazed with liquor. She had no hat, only a shawl thrown loosely about her. Her delicate, nervous white face worked with excitement, her weak blue eyes looked up at me with a stare of half surprise, half companionship. She took me for a fellow-lodger, and was disposed to be confidential.

"What do you charge for the night's lodging?"

"Seven cents for a bed. For three cents we give them a bowl of soup and bread; tea or coffee two cents; bread and butter two cents.

"Do you take them in at any hour?" I asked.

"Not after eleven. We used to do so, but we found that it encouraged them to remain out carousing until two and three in the morning, and then seek shelter with us, so now we admit none after eleven."

"Do they help you to do the work in the morning before leaving?"

"The majority of these women do not know how to work?" answered the little woman. "Some of them scrub or pick rags. But of housework they know nothing. These women are chiefly drunkards and vagrants; many of them also are given over to opiates, and nearly all are excessive smokers. They are often in jail. After they are liberated, we are generally pretty sure of seeing them again."

We stood for a moment in silence. From across the hall came the quiet voices of the two Lieutenants, mingled with the boisterous tones of their drunken guests, whom they were putting to bed. From the crowded thoroughfares a few hundred yards away, the clang of the electric car gongs, and the hum of the busy life reached us in softened sound.

How life's contrasts pressed upon me in this still moment, when, deep-breathing beside me, lay in kindly shelter, these women of Toronto.

* * *

The Army Home reaches out to the very lowest of vagrants and drunken women.

No woman need walk Toronto night streets for lack of shelter; no sympathetic mistress of any Toronto home need hesitate concerning the woman mendicant who comes to her door. There is shelter and food for the veriest tramp in that little white cottage on Albert Street.

Surely such work it is ours to aid. Let us give of our interest and money. Let no woman in Toronto's thousand cosy homes, forget these places where the night light burns, and the self-denying women watch for the good that they may do to those who err or are distressed.

A TESTIMONY FROM THE WOMEN'S SHELTER.

Someone asks, "Are you happy?"

We have no time to be anything else—no time to sit down and hold council with the devil. A busy life for God means a happy one.

Day by day we see where the good seed is taking root. The women call it "coming home." One of them who missed one night seemed so very pleased the next day as I opened the door.

"I didn't get home last night," she said.

We aim at making the place as much like home as possible.

Dear Mrs. Booth has worked so hard to get things bright and cheerful for both women and officers. I wish every reader could step in and see how homelike everything is. It is beautiful to see the effect it has on some women. They seem like children beginning to realize that there are two sides to life, one very beautiful, but the other some have proved to be bitter in the extreme. They love to have us read, or sing, or pray.

If some could hear the sad tales we do, it would move their hearts with pity till they would have to help rescue them. Sometimes when they stop to think of the life they are living it almost drives them wild.

Will you not help with your prayers in a practical way? It takes quite a little sum to run the Home, and we must have your help.

CAPTAIN SOPER.

CAPTAIN and MRS. WYNN, and HATTIE, Listowel.

FORGIVENESS and a smile are the best revenge.

SAFE IN PORT.

(A True Incident.)

Dark is the night, and wild the storm,
Death rides the waves—a dreadful form—
The chill winds are his winged steeds,
As, remorseless, on his way he speeds.
His prey he sights on the waves afar,
Two tender forms lashed to a spar;
Mother and child—by the rude waves cast
Helplessly to and fro, while fast
The life's blood chills in every vein,
Paralyzing both heart and brain.
But ere in death their eyes grow dim,
Their stiffening lips send up this hymn:
"With His loving hand to guide, let the storm around me roll,
And the billows in their fury dash around me;
I can brave the wildest storm with His glory in my soul,
I can sing amid the tempest, 'Praise the Lord!'"

Strange doth it sound, that grand old song,
Borne on the cold night winds along;
The dark waves have swallowed the gallant boat,
While the helpless ones on that spar afloat.
With eyes o'en then growing dim in death,
Sends o'er the waves with their dying breath,
The song that had filled, on that parting day,
The cottage home now so far away.
Where the old folks list with anxious ear,
For the voices they never more shall hear,
Till on heaven's shore they meet with them,
Who went home to God as they sung that hymn:
"With His loving hand to guide, let the storm around me roll,
And the billows in their fury dash around me;
I can brave the wildest storm with His glory in my soul,
I can sing amid the tempest, 'Praise the Lord!'"

Nearer and nearer draws death's form,
Fiercer and wilder grows the storm,
Chilling the blood in every vein,
Numbing the fainting heart and brain,
Freezing each faint and fluttering breath,
Making them easy prey for death.
But though they conquer each helpless form,
Cold wind, nor wave, nor blasting storm,
Nor death himself, with his blighting power,
Can conquer e'en in this awful hour,
The souls that through Christ their power defied,
And went to God singing as they died:
"With His loving hand to guide, let the storm around me roll,
And the billows in their fury dash around me;
I can brave the wildest storms with His glory in my soul,
I can sing amid the tempest, 'Praise the Lord!'"

FLOSSIE E. JOHNSON, Captain.

FIFTEEN pence represents the daily wages of two hundred and fifty thousand women in London.

PEOPLE who are grumbling about the state of things in Canada should go to New York or Brooklyn. A New York despatch says: "There are 46,688 men, and 9,988 women and girls out of employment in Brooklyn, or a total of 50,676. This information, which was obtained by a house to house census, was handed in the form of a brief report to the Mayor. Of the total number of unemployed, 19,873 are in need of assistance.

WHEN Lady Dufferin began her scheme for the improvement of the physical condition of women in India, seven years ago, it was hardly expected that in so short a time such striking results would be achieved. Last year 466,000 women received medical treatment. The staff now consists of nine women doctors and thirty-one assistants, and the number of native and Eurasian women under instruction steadily increases. Of the women of India, 40,000,000 are shut up in zenanas, 23,000,000 are widows, and 79,000 were widows before they were nine years of age. Only one woman in 800 is under instruction, and but one Protestant missionary is found to 500,000 of the population.—*Missionary Review.*

IN the *Ledger Almanac* the late George W. Childs writes: "I cannot lay too great a stress on the matter of strict temperance. Drinking beer, wine, or spirits is a useless and dangerous habit. It does no good, and if the habit is continued it is almost sure to lead to destruction and death. Taste not, touch not, handle not. You should have courage to say 'no' if you are asked to drink. In looking back over my life I can recall many of the best and most promising of my companions who were ruined by the habit of drinking, not one of whom ever imagined that he would eventually fill a drunkard's grave. There is no safety in moderate drinking—every one who touches it at all is in danger.

A Suffering Saviour.

BY ENSIGN A. COWAN.

TUNE—*After the ball.*

1 A suffering Saviour in His agony,
Bearing the sorrows of Gethsemane;
No friend to help Him, with Him to weep,
Those whom He trusted, lay fast asleep.
Great drops of blood fall down to the ground,
But not a murmur on His lips were found;
"Father, not My will, Thy will," He said,
Patiently, meekly bowing His head.

CHORUS.

Wonderful love of Jesus, dying upon the tree,
Bearing the awful burden out of His love to me;
Could I do less for Him?
Could I do aught but come?
When His great heart of pity welcomed me home.

A bleeding victim on Mount Calvary,
Nailed, groaning, dying on that cursed tree:
Pierced hands extended, brow crowned with thorns,
A mangled body, wounded and torn.
There in the darkness, dying alone,
Blessing His foes, with His last dying moan;
"My God, My God, why forsakest Thou Me?"
He cries aloud in His death agony.

A mighty Conqueror, rising from the tomb,
Bursting its barriers, scattering its gloom;
Rising triumphant o'er death and hell,
Giving the message, "Go quickly and tell."
Bringing to sad hearts joy and relief,
Breathing His peace on the souls filled with grief;
Caring for all in His pitiful love,
Ere He ascended in triumph above.

A risen Saviour, seated on His Throne,
Sending to cheer them the Comforter down;
Down to inspire and give victory,
That never more alone they should be.
And this same Jesus liveth to-day,
Lives to make good His promise to me;
Sendeth me out to the lost in their gloom,
Telling He loves them, and bids them come home.

List to His Word.

BY CAPTAIN CARRUTHERS.

TUNE—*A place in the Army for you.* (B.J. 84.)

2 Come, sinner, to God, He waits to pardon you,
Waits to pardon you;
List to His Word,
And whilst the Lord is crying, won't you come?

CHORUS.

Oh, come away, oh, come away!
While the Lord is in mercy calling,
Oh, come away, do not delay, [save.
Whilst His arms are outstretched to
Oh, come just now, He waits for you
His pardon to bestow;
No matter what your past life may have been,
He washes white as snow.

God says now, to-day, if you hear My voice,
If you hear My voice
Do not delay,
But come to Jesus while He waits to save.

Ah! soon will that voice cease its calling you,
As it used to do;
Now make your choice,
And choose the Friend of sinners while you may.

How you will regret throughout eternity,
When you wake to see
Chances all gone,
And your soul for ever shut away in hell.

Come to Jesus Now.

BY W. RITCHIE, KINGSTON.

TUNE—*Glory to His name.* (B. B. 38.)

3 Smitten you are 'neath Satan's rod,
Why do you stay away from God?
Here at the cross lay down your load,
Come to Jesus now.

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus now, come to Jesus now,
Soon will the day of grace be gone,
Come to Jesus now.

Oft has your heart been melted down,
Clearly your state has the Spirit shown:
Heed now the voice ere He has flown,
Come to Jesus now.

Voices that plead once are hushed and still,
Lying to-day in the graveyard chill;
Yet 'tis proclaimed o'er vale and hill,
Come to Jesus now.

Soon will your soul have passed away,
Gone as you lived to the Judgment Day.
Too late then 'twill be for us to say,
Come to Jesus now.

What a Comfort.

BY SERGT. MAJ. LANG.

TUNE—*This is my story, this is my song.*

4 Oh! what a comfort in Jesus to me,
When all is dark, and no friend can I see;
He knows all my failings, He quiets my fears,
He is the One Who can comfort and cheer.

CHORUS.

This is my story, this is my song,
Praising my Saviour all the day long.

Resting in Jesus, oh, what delight,
Trusting in Jesus, when hard is the fight,
Resting in Jesus, I've nothing to fear,
He is a Friend Who always is near.

Now I am living for Jesus each day,
He is my Guide, with Him I will stay;
Though hard be the fighting, and rough be the road,
Trusting in Jesus, He carries my load.

Trust Jesus.

BY MARIA SHEPSON, NURSE FOR INCURABLES.

TUNE—*Christ for me.*)"B.B.," 48.)

5 Life's stormy sea looks rough and dark,
Trust in Jesus, trust in Him;
His hand will guide thy little bark,
Trust in Him.
Thy Pilot-Captain is on board,
Thy loving, ever-present Lord;
All praise to Him thou shalt accord,
Trust in Him.

If others cannot, Jesus can,
Trust in Jesus, trust in Him;
He's perfect God, and perfect man,
Trust in Him.
Cast on Him every doubt and fear,
He ever lives thy heart to cheer,
Delight thou in thy Saviour dear,
Trust in Him.

Latest Publications In Stock.

Reminiscences of Isaac Marsden, 40 cents.
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The Tongue of Fire, 40 cents.
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Life of Dr. A. Clarke, 35 cents.
Life of Mrs. Mary Fletcher, 35 cents.
Memoir of C. Richardson, 30 cents.
Memoir of J. B. Shrewsbury, 30 cents.
Life and Times of Bishop Asbury, 30 cents.
Memoir of Richard Burdsall, 30 cents.

☞ All these Books are bound in Cloth. ☜

WAR CRY

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1894.

OFFICE OF THE WAR CRY,
Thursday, March 28, 1894.

WORLD SHRINKAGE.

One of the most interesting topics of the hour, is that which we have endeavored to set forth in our frontispiece this week. The well-known outlines of St. Paul's, London, connect with Australia's largest city, Melbourne, by means of an ocean-going boat. In company with the flags of Britain and Australia, appears the flag of our own Dominion, with the typical beaver figuring prominently at the foot of the flags. Beneath the whole, is a quotation from a daily paper, which states: "Passengers and mails will be conveyed from England to Australia within twenty-five days."

It appears that an Australian gentleman, whose practical executive ability, is evidenced by his celerity in putting in operation the Canadian-Australian line of boats, which is affording such excellent facilities for the rapidly-increasing trade between Canada and Australia, has undertaken to run a fast service of steamers across the Atlantic Ocean; passengers by which will cross the Dominion on special fast trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway, embarking again by the Canadian-Australian line of boats, at the western terminus for Australia. The whole journey to be completed, as already stated, within twenty-five days. This will avoid the great beat of the old Red Sea route, and save ten or fifteen days' travel. Much permanent commercial benefit must accrue to Canada by this undertaking, and every lover of Canada will appreciate the prospect held out of Canada's advancement.

OUR RESPONSIBILITY.

But commercial prosperity is not first in the mind of a Salvationist. He sees in this "shrinkage of the world," an answer to the prayers of the saints, and the opportunity to strike for Jesus.

Not many decades ago, the cry of the Church of Christ was for open doors, that the last great command of the Lord Jesus to "Go and make disciples of all nations" could be carried out. To-day those prayers are abundantly answered. With very few exceptions the doors to the world are flung wide open, and by means of the marvellous harnessing of Nature's powers to the machinery that modern ingenuity has placed at our disposal, the uttermost parts of the earth are within a few weeks journey of us. These opportunities greatly increase our responsibility. The once all but impossible journeys are easily accomplished now. This calls for a new order of things in the ranks of Christ's followers. The old stay-at-home piety, which satisfied the conscience of our parents, is no longer enough. Flying express trains and swiftly propelled ocean boats are the fingers of the Man Christ Jesus pointing and saying "there is the answer to My people's prayers; now go." As the editor of the San Francisco *War Cry* recently said, "To serve Christ in heaven will be to go with the tide; this world is the only place where it will be our privilege to bear for Him a cross and face the scorn of His enemies." Let us, then, rise to the opportunities and privileges of the moment; let there be no dwarfish measurement of our progress by the standards of the past, but let us take front rank place in the great onward charge of the Army of Christ. Let us do exploits in the Salvation War. If the young men and women who throng the ranks of the Salvation Army would at once offer themselves for service, the remaining six years of the century could be the most brilliant of all the wonderful years of our history. As an Army, we look for future victories to exceed the past. Our prayer for it is world wide. Again we appeal to our young men and women to seize the unique opportunity the present moment offers. Ere the hands of the clock point to the completion of this century, let there be a huge march forward of all the rank-and-file, and a supreme effort to capture this rebel world for its Redeemer.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

STAFF-CAPTAIN READ, of Newfoundland Division, to be *MAJOR*.

STAFF-CAPTAIN MORRIS, of the Social Work, to be *MAJOR*.

ENSIGN JONES, Secretary to Mrs. Commandant Booth, to be *ADJUTANT*.

ENSIGN SMEETON, of Newfoundland, to be *ADJUTANT*.

Lieutenant Cromerty, of Vernon, B. C., to be *Captain*.

Lieutenant Carruthers, of the Temple, Toronto, to be *Captain*.

Lieutenant Brant, of Port Rowan, Ont., to be *Captain*.

Lieutenant Shaw, of Acton, Ont., to be *Captain*.

Lieutenant Collier, of London, Ont., to be *Captain*.

Lieutenant Orchard, of Petrolia, to be *Captain*.

APPOINTMENTS—

BRIGADIER and MRS. MARGETTS, to take charge of West Ontario Province.

MAJOR and MRS. READ, to take charge of North-West Province.

MAJOR and MRS. MORRIS, to take charge of the Newfoundland Province.

STAFF-CAPTAIN BENNETT, to be Social Secretary to the Commandant.

STAFF-CAPTAIN and MRS. HOWELL, to be Chief Assistant to Brigadier Jacobs, of the Eastern Province.

ENSIGN J. McMILLAN, to the Commandant's office.

ENSIGN COWAN, to be Secretary to Mrs. Commandant Booth for the Women's Rescue Work.

ENSIGN BLACKBURN, to take charge of Halifax, N. S., Food and Shelter Depot.

Captain Fitzpatrick, to take charge of Victoria, B.C., Rescue Home.

Captain Jordan, to take charge of Winnipeg Rescue Home.

Captain Carruthers, to take charge of Lippincott.

MARRIAGE.

Ensign David C. Moore, who came out of Clinton, Ontario, and is now in charge of Windsor corps and District, married at Chatham, Ontario, on the 19th February, 1894, by Commandant H. H. Booth, to *Lieutenant A. Cornell*, who came out of Lindsay, Ontario, and last stationed at Bloomfield.

HERBERT H. BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ontario.

Territorial Topics.

BY THE COMMANDANT.

The Requisitions of Battle.

Nothing will try the metal of the soldier like the relentless requisitions of the open battle-field. War is a stern avocation, showing two things concerning those who engage in it. It reveals the man able to fight; it also discovers the man able to suffer. On the one hand it shows the courage that can kill; on the other the self-sacrifice that can die. No true soldier ever yet went forth to battle without loving his cause and country better than himself, and never a veteran returned who did not bring back the consciousness of a more imposing conquest than that represented by mere struggle of arms, for he returned a victor over those mightier forces of self-consideration, which intrench themselves in the heart. The knowledge of having trampled down his inclinations, surrendered his interests, strangled his doubts, laughed at his dangers, struggled on under his burdens, stilled by a masterful command his tumults of fear; in short, the knowledge of having conquered *himself* is the conviction above all others which, in his own judgment, justly entitles him to the term "Hero." And certainly is all this true as regards the soldier of the Cross, or what should ever stand for the same thing, the soldier of the Salvation Army. The greatest of his achievements will be precisely what was the climax of his Master's accomplishments, namely to *die*. He will win no prize in heaven but what is given as the reward of whole-souled surrender on earth, and the grand contributions to his joys and satisfactions in the better land will be rendered not so much in the knowledge of his accomplishments in the outward battle of life as in the conviction that the stresses of war found him ever ready to relinquish his own welfare for the welfare of his cause.

And the Trial of Devotion.

Now, observe how this little preachment fits in with the practical issues of a Salvationist's life. We have it manifested by our latest changes and appointments. Here are certain developments of war calling for more men at the *front*. The very forward sweep of our Campaign levies a tax upon the devotion of those who officer it. Given that devotion, the Campaign will continue its triumphant course; without it, reverse of arms is certain. Hence it is that the devil and the traitors are always busy with a thousand sinister suggestions every time a set of appointments are announced. These changes and appointments frequently involve self-sacrifice. They are to the Salvationist what the tides of battle are to the soldier—tests! Tests are great matters in the hands of both the Almighty and the almighty. God uses them to beautify character and make heroes; the devil uses them to flood the soul with self-interest, sometimes to make proud, sometimes to make sore, sometimes as means for grasping, sometimes for grumbling. But you can't have war without tests. No man went forth to shoot who did not so make himself a target to be shot at. No cavalcade ever galloped into action without carrying two affairs in their hands; first, their swords; second, their lives. It is devotion and self-sacrifice that wins battles, not cold steel! So is it devotion and self-sacrifice that scores the conquests of the Cross. My brother, my sister, if you see behind your little self into the very nature of things, you will perceive that the only appointment about which you have reason to grumble is that which would take you from the Cross. You are all right for glory while you stand by the Cross!

As Illustrated by War.

All the difficulties of officers, both staff, field and local, come when they begin to forget what is the real significance of war. Who cares for anything but *victory* in the throes of a battle. What true soldier seeks for aught but for the honor to do what he is most required, to be where he is most needed, to rally to what is most pressed and cover what is most lost, while the thunders of artillery shake his brain, rivers of blood wash his feet and the tattered flag of his country appeals to his heart? In the moment when the warrior stands all but submerged in the blood of his comrades, his conceit is consumed, and he ceases to be ought but an eager servant of the battle. Now the flood of fire breaks through the centre, and he is ordered to retreat his forces from danger that they may the more effectively strike when the moment arrives;—he disappears promptly into the back ground! Now some defeated regiment is threatened with annihilation, and the hero is called to cover their shame with glory and face the hardest corner of the field;—he goes with a leap! Now some gallant brave falls in the fray, and this man is called instantly to wrench himself from the association of followers, become precious by long intercourse, in the very moment most looked forward to, in order to fill a less interesting and more dangerous, but a more needed post;—he drops a tear on his sword, waves it as a last farewell to his comrades, and flies with a shout to his new position! This is war; that is heroism.

Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts.

And shall it be so with us, who hold places in the more honored legions of Christ? Thank God, it is! Let the whole Army learn from the object lessons set before her in the good deeds of her leaders, as she has received warning in the retreat of those for whom she will continue to pray. The developments recently explained in these notes have made a big demand upon the self-sacrifice and loyalty of some. These demands in nearly every case have been amply met. Take those to which reference has not already been made. Brigadier and Mrs. Margetts were happily circumstanced in the North-West, a climate especially adapted to their health; a part of the field specially laid on their hearts; comrades who they had just learned to know and love; in the midst of plans carefully laid for a great advance; and what is most of all to the point, having fought a hard and patient fight with many difficulties culminating in a glorious victory; from all this they are suddenly summoned to the hardest corner of the Dominion battlefield. And how do they go? "Counting it an honor," as their despatch to me puts it.

Major and Mrs. Read.

The next appointment, I know, bears the stamp of promotion, which of course it is; but those of us who know Major Read, and his dear wife, and have followed their apostolic career in Newfoundland for the past eighteen months, would not fear to say that the Major, had he considered his own feelings, would have preferred to linger longer among his heart-adopted land, and people to carry into effect the plans over which he has so earnestly labored, even though it meant the laying by of his silver crests to do so. When, too, it is remembered that the Major was farewelled by cable, before any announcement could be made of his promotion or new appointment, his telegraphic reply sent, assuring me of affectionate service and loyal devotion, is all the more significant and gratifying. The Major left St. Johns a Staff-Captain, like Abraham of old, knowing not whither he went. He found his important appointment and silver crest awaiting him at Halifax! One more evidence of the fact that the way of self-sacrifice and humiliation, is the road to promotion in the Salvation Army. The Major must have laid his old rank "on the shelf," with a sense of satisfaction. His Staff-Captaincy will always have pleasant memories. To say nothing of its connection with the WAR CRY, it marks a time in Newfoundland notorious for striking advances. The new oversight, and sub-division of the Island into Districts. The appointment of Brigade-Captains. The passing of the Marriage Bill, and the inserting of our appointments in the *Royal Gazette*. The doubling of the Harvest Festival and Self-Denial results. The opening of new corps. The establishment of a small Rescue Work. The building of the new yacht, and the great feat of dragging the Commandant alive at midnight in a snow storm across the "Barrens:" all this will linger and add lustre to the old rank. Now, for an even better record to adorn the new one!

MAJOR READ.

MRS. READ.

Major and Mrs. Morris.

Perhaps no one in the whole Dominion Army, has proved better than Major Morris the power of the Cross to extricate from every difficulty. We hail, therefore, his promotion with pleasure, and we pray for rich blessings upon himself and his wife. He, too, leaves behind him a splendid token of his toil. Largely owing to the care and enterprise with which he has put into operation the plans laid down for that undertaking, the old Joe Beef Canteen has been converted into a tremendous factor in bringing about the social and spiritual salvation of the moral wrecks of Montreal. The Major has toiled like a trojan at all sorts of work, and has the satisfaction of leaving behind him one of the best equipped, and most successful Shelter enterprises in the world. It is not difficult to prophecy that Major Morris will leap into the hearts of the Newfoundlanders. There are few men better able to adapt themselves to their customs and tastes. Major, I send you to my pet position. Go and do it justice!

MAJOR MORRIS.

MRS. MORRIS.

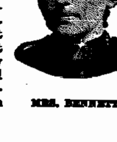
A New Province.

Newfoundland will henceforth rank as an independent Province. There is more in this too, than appears on the surface. Brigadier Jacobs is involved. It is no small thing to slice off a country and thirty corps from an officer's command. It has, however, been found to be in the interests of the War on the Island to give greater powers to the officer on the spot. Newfoundland is an independent colony. It has national interests, powers, and customs of its own; and Brigadier Jacobs, true to his spirit of "Never mind me!" has, of his own accord, proposed the adoption of the present policy. God bless the Brigadier. As we go to press, news of his safe arrival at Halifax reaches us. Now, look out for a "move on" down East.

Staff-Capt. Bennett.

Staff-Capt. Bennett is another of those officers whose surrender of their own interests has made it a delight to promote him. The Staff-Captain has now been an officer ten years. He came out from Hull II. (Icehouse), Yorks, England, and commanded several corps in England and Scotland. He was then promoted to the Staff, and served in the J. S. War in Scotland and Canada; afterwards D.O. at Barrie, Montreal, St. John, N.B.; second in command St. John Headquarters. When the new changes came into force Staff-Capt. Bennett expressed his willingness to go anywhere or do anything thought best. He rallied to his corps and district with a whole heart, being nobly assisted by his plucky little wife. It will be no small satisfaction to my dear comrade that he has filled so well the vacant chair of the Provincial Office during the absence of his Brigadier. His coming to the oversight of the men's branch of the Social Work throughout the Dominion will guarantee a rapid and substantial development. At the present moment there are five new enterprises on foot claiming the attention of the new Secretary. Each will be discribed in these notes in due time, meanwhile the hands of the Staff-Captain will be full indeed.

STAFF-CAPT. BENNETT.



MRS. BENNETT.

Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald, and Ensign Hilts.

This also is deemed the moment for a change in the command of the British Columbian forces. Ensign Hilts has held the fort like a heroine, but the strain has told severely upon her health, and in connection with the Winnipeg change, it will be best all round to send the new officers to the bridge. A new thing under the sun is to happen. A married man is appointed to the place hitherto held against all comers by the gentler sex. I must not be thought in any way doubting the ability of the ingoing veteran, if I put up a prayer that he may be sincerely helped of God to hold his own in that region where the devotion and ability of women like Mrs. Maltby, better known as "Nellie Banks," have created a very high standard for the leaders of God's hosts. It is always difficult enough for a man to compete with a woman—he appears altogether too clumsy for the undertaking—nevertheless, Adjutant Archibald, upon whom the mantle has fallen, knows a thing or two, chiefest among which being, how to choose a wife! If that little woman isn't able to see that her husband gets a fair show, then no one else need try; and all, I am certain, that the Adjutant requires, is an honest chance. The British Columbia comrades will swallow their new District Officer like an oyster without vinegar, if only Mrs. Archibald can open their mouths and hearts wide enough to take him in. The Adjutant goes full of faith, and with the enthusiastic prayers of the Commandant and Mrs. Booth, and all his comrades. He farewelled from Guelph, on Sunday, April 1st, and takes command of Victoria, on Saturday, 14th. Ensign Hilts comes to Toronto, where she will take up an important appointment to be announced later.

Then and Now.

The other day, at a certain hour, on a certain street, in a certain city, two individuals met. These individuals bore a singular contrast to each other. One was a man, the other a woman. One married, the other single. One had been an officer, the other remained one. One had changed his views about the Army; the other was still an enthusiastic supporter of it. There were other strange coincidences. In the case of one of the parties the mind and tongue were as busy endeavoring to circulate misgivings concerning the cause as they used to be in urging recruits to become soldiers, and soldiers candidates, and candidates officers. The energies were as forcibly utilised in detailing a personal grievance as they used to be in preaching the Cross and saying: "Never mind me!" The power of speech once so eloquently employed in warning others to flee the wrath to come, were now inoculating into the ears of God's self-denying toilers the poisonous query: "What will become of *you?*" One other unaccountably strange thing about these two people: The man used to be the superior officer of the girl. Then he required her to carry out the very regulations he now attacked. Then he called her to carry the very cross of which he now bade her beware. By the man's words and actions it would really appear as if he were devouring himself before his former subordinate!

No Place for Married Officers.

These two persons commenced talking:

"How is the Army getting on now?" said the one, in somewhat doubtful tones.

"Better than ever. It's on a surer foundation," replied the other.

"Well, but you're not married yet?"

"No."

"Oh, well, wait till you're married. You'll find the Army's no place for married officers."

That was all the conversation I heard of, but it set me thinking. There are two sides to every question. What was the financial history of the man who made that remark? It would be interesting, I thought, to secure from London a declaration signed by twenty independent witnesses that would bear evidence to the thousands of dollars paid in weekly salary or grants to this gentleman during his officership, and vouched for by receipts over his own name. But fortunately for the traducers of the Salvation Army, charity suffereth long, and is kind!

6,000 Miles in Sixteen Days.

The North-West changes, together with the arrangements for the General's coming have decided me to take a flying visit to the Coast. Brigadier Holland will accompany me. We shall leave on Friday night, April 6th, after the Holiness meeting, and run straight through to Nanaimo without breaking the journey. It will be possible by high pressure work to do public meetings at Nanaimo, Victoria, New Westminster, and a Sunday at Vancouver, at all which places we shall introduce the new D. O. and his wife. We shall also inspect the halls, take in the lay of the cities, and fix upon the programme on the spot for the General's visit. We shall then run back to Winnipeg, where a great meeting to introduce the new Provincial Secretary will be held, and Officers' Councils addressed, the General's arrangements being also fixed. But we shall do more. I don't propose to lose the chance of seeing my comrades, if it is only for a two minutes' address. On the return journey, therefore, meetings are being arranged at the stations where we have corps all along the line of route. The officers and corps, and anyone else feeling disposed, will come down to the station and await the arrival of the train. Immediately she stands I shall do my best to say something that may prove helpful, or at any rate to show my love and regard for our Western warriors. At some of the places quite a lengthy and imposing gathering can be convened. It will be a line of salvation 3,000 miles long, finishing up at Toronto with a public reception.

More Promotions.

It is indeed a real source of pleasure to be able to announce so many upon whom is falling the honor of promotion. All the more so because now my stay has been long enough to make me personally acquainted with those whose service I delight to honor. Among the latest are my devoted armor bearer, Ensign Smeeton, who takes the rank of Adjutant, as a mark of our esteem for his long and faithful toil. He is now on his way to Newfoundland. He wrote me from Halifax a letter full of assurances of faithfulness, and stating how already he was looking forward to the time when he might stand by my side again.

ADJUTANT SMEETON.

(*Continued on page 12.*)

Central Ontario Province.

ORANGEVILLE. — Lieutenant Pollard is bravely, boldly and determinedly holding the fort at this place. God is helping him on to victory. His comrades will remember him at the throne of grace.

TEMPLE.—Lieutenant Sheard has arrived at the Temple. Ensign and Mrs. Phillips, together with Ensign Smeeton, have given our comrades a Sunday. A meeting on behalf of the Children's Shelter was held, and a good amount raised for that worthy institution. Friday afternoon holiness meetings are continuing to be times of refreshing, and many a poor soul has stepped into light and liberty.

Good Friday is looming in the distance, and our Temple comrades are making every preparation for a real holiness convention day.

LIPPINCOTT. — Captain Carruthers has emigrated from the Temple, and has evolved into a full-fledged Salvation Captain. Lippincott is also looking forward to the gathering on the night of Easter Monday, and are expecting to see as many of their country cousins as possible to the officer's meeting in the morning, and the soldiers' and officers' meeting in the afternoon. They report souls saved.

ARTHUR STREET.—This proverbial hard fort is now held by the Lisgar Street Garrison, and we are believing for a better day. Permission was obtained to hold a cottage meeting in the house of an unsaved friend. We are waiting information as to the spiritual results. Lieutenant Slater, that WAR CRY boomer and hallelujah-thrash-the-devil-man, has gone to Port Perry. Our faith has preceded and our prayers are following him.

RICHMOND STREET.—Sunday, Brigadier de Barritt and Provincial Staff held the fort. Open-air manœuvres, extraordinary manipulation of Salvation forces, confusion in the devil's ranks, and a perfect onslaught on diabolis, were features of the day.

In the afternoon a "read-the-texts-on-the-wall" meeting was held, then a "sing-any-chorus you-like" meeting. At night a fine crowd gathered together. Ensign and Mrs. Phillips, Adjutant and Ensign McMillan, Captain Morris, along with Captain and Mrs. Horn, Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt, faced the congregation. A soul volunteered out in the prayer meeting and testified how God set her at liberty. "Me join 'em" was in evidence, and "My Brother Jim and me" was the feature of the wind-up. God bless our Comrade Wiseman at Richmond Street.

LISGAR STREET.—Good tidings float over the telephone wires of No. 3631, to Lippincott and Ulster. Souls converted to God—hallelujahs, loud hallelujahs! Food got for the Garrison—sincere amens! Congregations increasing — deep hallelujahs! Several of the Cadets went over to Richmond Street to assist in Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt's special meetings, and appeared to enjoy the change over. God bless the Deborahs!

DOVERCOURT.—Lieutenant Pollard has had his walking ticket to Orangeville. Cadet Redburn stepped into his shoes, and with Captain Huxtable, is pushing on for the salvation of souls. Dovercourt is on the rise. Mrs. de Barritt, with the League of Mercy, was there for Thursday.

WEST TORONTO.—Captain Wale is in charge of our little band of go-ahead warriors in this place. She is expecting to move on to Winnipeg, and in the meantime has got a move-on in the devil's track.

RIVERSIDE.—Captain Banks and Lieutenant Tucker, of Riverside, Little York, and WAR CRY selling fame, take the train for Oshawa. Their Toronto comrades are sorry to lose them; our Oshawa friends are glad to receive them. The devil seems about the only person who seems to object to their appointment. Sure as two and two make four, Oshawa will go ahead, and our comrades Banks and Tucker will make the devil hum.

YORKVILLE.—Splendid news comes from Yorkville. That man of war and fight and of cow-bell manipulation, reports souls converted; WAR CRYS have gone up; soldiers are in splendid fighting trim. At the week night meetings the barracks frequently crowded out to the door. Souls saved. Look out for good tidings of great joy from Yorkville.

ORILLIA.—Captain Heift is still on the warpath. Prospects of a new barracks and other pleasant anticipations has lent wings to our Captain's faith. Things are reviving. Look out for account of souls saved.

HAMILTON I.—God is richly and wonderfully blessing our comrades and pouring out His Spirit upon this corner of the Central Ontario Province. Junior work is being reorganized. Crowd of folks come to the meetings; souls have wept their way to the Cross. The announcement of the Commandant's visit for Easter will be received with acclamation, and altogether we may consider that things are booming in the Ambitious City.

Captain Halpany and her Lieutenant farewell from No. II. Captains Gibbs and May mount the box.

OAKVILLE.—The trip of the Toronto officers to this little place by the Lake side was most enjoyable. On the way down, testimonies, war memories, new choruses, followed by occasional turns out to relieve the horses and have a snow-ball match, was indulged in. The man on the box declared he had never driven a happier crowd. The improvised band was quite a feature. Captain Hardman and Lieutenant Rose had worked nobly and well to make the thing a success; and the crowd that gathered in the Town Hall for the afternoon and night meetings must have been extremely gratifying to our dear comrades, to whose efforts the success of the demonstration is to be attributed. Solid, live, Salvationist truth was poured out, and we rejoiced over the victory on the Lord's side.

Left Oakville late; we found the roads were very heavy; our steeds were not guaranteed to pull twenty Salvationists on a night like that; and four miles from the starting point, almost the whole party had to turn out and tramp their way back to Oakville. After a little time the officers' quarters were found; and after the cash box, as a precautionary measure, had been stored away, the door was opened, and our comrades who were not quite sure who that motley crowd outside could be, opened the door to find that we had returned to Oakville once again. Billets were impossible to obtain at that hour of the morning. Salvationists believe in the law of adaptation. The one lounge in the corner of the quarters was claimed by several officers at the same time, and the process of having an eviction, certainly kept things lively for the next half hour. After a time silence reigned, and the weary warriors were all wrapt in slumber, waiting for the breaking of the day and the going out of the first train that would take them back to Toronto, to home, and to toil for the Kingdom.

ST. CATHARINES.—Ensign Arkett reports himself better in health. Mrs. Arkett is at Oshawa, where the Ensign joins her in a few days for a couple of weeks' well-earned rest. Lieutenant Young, that man of the sea, has gone to hand a line, and doubtless by this time has got on the lee side of the Salvation boat at St. Catharines.

Perhaps one of the most affecting scenes of the week was that of those two or three boys that went going out. We gathered together in the Brigadier's office. Their tears and feelings told what a wrench that leaving Toronto was to them; and their hearty assurances, "You may depend upon me, Brigadier," spoke things untold. God bless them, and go with them and give them the joy of seeing many souls saved.

PORT PERRY.—Lieutenant Slater, late of Arthur Street, has proceeded to this place. Look out for a record of prisoners claimed for Christ. And thus the War rolls on.

From all parts of the battle-field there is a sound of approaching rain. Earnest entreaties and prayers are going up to God for the salvation of souls, and one and all are believing for a mighty outburst of salvation fire and love that shall sweep thousands to Christ.

What It Has Done for Women.

What is the temperance cause doing for women? It is leading us outside the hedges of a narrow sectarianism. Going into the streets to pray meant going beyond denominational walls, and clasping hands with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in such sincerity as leads them to rescue the perishing. This temperance work is also revealing to us the absurdity of always standing below the cataract to grasp, often vainly, for those who have made the fearful plunge, instead of stationing guards above it to keep the ignorant and unwary from falling in. It has taught us also that, as God has given us eyes which can look up and around, but not within ourselves, the most healthful Christian life is one that gazes lovingly into the face of Christ and helpfully around upon humanity, instead of tiring itself out with morbid introspection. Slowly we are discovering, with happiness that mocketh speech, that this fight against home's bitterest enemy is God's highway of the exodus for half the race.—"On Duty," in *Union Signal*.

"FOR if he curse thee in the bitterness of his soul, his prayer shall be heard of him that made him."—*Ecclesiasticus* iv., 6.

For Newfoundlanders in Particular,

AND "CRY" READERS IN GENERAL.

"THE SALVATIONIST,"

The Army's Latest Acquisition to her Naval Fleet.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN READ.

District officers, field officers, local officers, sergeants, soldiers, recruits, and friends all over the colony have doubtless heard about the new yacht of over thirty tons, which is being built in Notre Dame Bay for mission and

Soul-Saving Work on the Labrador

during the summer months. Many of these, too, will have seen the neat little illustration of this vessel as appearing in a late WAR CRY. Others, too, will ere this have received a proper little colored dainty collecting card, on which each collector is asked to give or collect the sum of $1 (or more) towards the construction of this noble, staunch little craft.

Time is flying fast. The Commandant is very anxious to christen

This Hallelujah Vessel

during his visit to the Island in May. We are very thankful indeed for his grant of over $300 from our '93 Self-Denial effort. There remains nearly an additional thousand ($1,000) to be got, and through this short "call to arms" we urge upon every card-holder to push ahead with all speed, taking care to send their cards, when full, with the money, per money order, or otherwise, to Staff-Captain J. Read, 160 Le Marchant Road, St. Johns.

Each district officer and corps throughout the Island has received a supply of cards and there are still more at St. Johns should they be wanted.

Many Kind Friends

are coming to our help, and we want to rush the matter with all speed.

Should this be inserted, the dear old CRY will also, as in the past, help the scheme very materially, and the money will be raised with ease. Thus blessing, joy, and spiritual help will be carried to the thousands of fishermen who spend the summer months on the coast of Labrador.

ON CRIME AND CRIMINALS.

(From the English "Cry.")

First Offenders.

Nobody, nowadays, advocates prison for boys and mere lads. Needless to say our man at the "Bridge"—Ensign Symons—fully agree with the *Daily Chronicle* commissioner in saying:—

> The obvious and imperative necessity is, first, that boys should not be sent to prison at all; secondly, that barking on a career of crime he should be rigidly isolated from hardened criminals and his feet set firmly on the better path."

But he goes beyond even the framers of that blessed First Offenders' Act, and considers that the limit of juvenility in crime should by no means be set at sixteen or twenty-one, but that the very man whom we should try hardest to keep from the prison stain and stigma is the man who, having led an upright and honest life for twenty-five or thirty years, yields to the pressure of sudden temptation. For the sense of despair which sweeps over him is much more likely to keep him down for life, than it is to press permanently upon even a technical "minor."

"Everything about that First Offenders' Act," says Ensign Symons, "depends on the magistrate. Some are very lenient and anxious to give lads a chance, others are fair demons."

Among encouraging juvenile cases received at one and another time at the "Bridge," under special circumstances—although this home is not for boys—he cites the following:—

A—— showed a tendency to steal when at school—took school-money, or money out of his mother's pocket. Was never dealt with in any fashion which went to the root of matters. When at his first situation, took money out of his master's till. The magistrate before whom he was taken handed him over to the Army. He got really saved, and is now doing well.

B——, fourteen or fifteen years old, was taken before the magistrate for stealing a whip. While he was on remand, the police-court missionary asked whether he could take him, and save the son of a very respectable hard-working widow from going to prison."

Another lad, only sixteen years old, was taken up simply because he was found wandering and homeless, having a drunken father and mother, who had turned him out! He was discharged if the missionary would put him into a Home.

Very much depends upon the officer in charge of the "Bridge" being on good terms with the Police Court missionaries.

"Surely that dinner is not for the men!" remarked the surprised gentleman, as he looked at the steaming plates full of savoury meat pudding and potatoes being served out in the kitchen.

But it was!

The dormitories, with their comfortable wire mattresses and clean furnishings, astonished him still more; and when he got into the workshop—which we are not yet ready to describe—his heart fairly melted and overflowed.

"God bless me! I had no idea it was anything like this," he murmured.

Now, glance for a moment down the list of sample cases of men who cannot be termed juvenile offenders, but who, we maintain, are dealt with on on entirely wrong basis.

Last Christmas, a railway employee, who had borne a good character for years, spent part of the holiday-time in getting drunk. A watch was stolen out of the company, of which he made one, and, justly or unjustly, he was convicted of the offence and imprisoned. Owing to the admirable system which condemns him to spend most of his time staring at floor and walls rather than that the ratepayers should be further taxed to provide room for him to work, his wife and four children came to the verge of starvation. Two or three men who knew him came to the "Bridge," and asked our officer to look her up, saying that the imprisoned man had been habitually steady, moral, and industrious. When the Ensign went to see the poor thing, he found her little home as neat as a new pin, and her four patched, mended children, clean and neat to an extent which showed it had always been well-kept and well ordered. They had trotted off to school that morning with a single bit of bread between them.

"The care of that wife and children will come on the rates eventually, in spite of the little we can do," remarks Ensign Symons, reflectively.

"What would I do if I could do exactly as I wanted to with first offenders? Well, I'd have an Industrial School to receive both boys and men, in which I should have full power of dealing with the lads as I thought best. Once admitted, they would be taught a trade, and kept, at discretion, till able to be sent out to earn their own living. Men should be put to their trades—if they have any. If not, we should teach them, as is done at present in our factories. In the case of married men, a certain sum of money would be sent out of their earnings to their wives, until they should be able to go into a situation."

Into this reformatory he would put such men as X— and Z—, who are far removed from the positively-criminal class, and whose wrong-doing seems to have been the result of what the American's call "shiftlessness," both mental and moral.

X— was employed in a London bank. In the summer he, with several others, was discharged, told to get a temporary situation, and promised that when busy times came again he should be taken on. X— got a situation as shop manager. One day one of his former fellow-clerks came to him and said that he was starving; had been sleeping on the Embankment for three nights and had no money. X— gave him all the money he had by him, and told him he might share his room till he had work. Since only one was working, and they were not used to economy and pleasure, they often ran short. X— began to take small sums—never more than a shilling at a time—until he had taken £9 altogether. Ensign Symons visited him while in prison on a six months' sentence, and at its expiration brought him to the "Bridge," where he has been for seven months, saved and apparently doing well.

No positive tendency towards criminality can be inferred from a case like this—simply slackness of moral fibre, and an inclination to generosity rather than to justice, which in a richer man might be counted a virtue.

Z— was a Scotch "stickit minister," who went into the drapery business, formed the habit of taking handkerchiefs and oddments, and went on to money. He says, "The habit of taking things grew on me."

Doubtless, in his case, some sharp deterrent was necessary. But he also needed that real salvation which had never been the outcome of his theological studies and training to steady habits of all kinds.

GONE TO THE LAND OF WHITE ROBES.

Summoned to the Presence of the King.

BROTHER WATERHOUSE RECEIVES A CROWN OF LIFE THAT FADETH NOT AWAY.

"I'M READY."

On Thursday, February 8th, at 10:30 p.m., another brave warrior, Joseph Waterhouse, a well-known and respected citizen of Palmerston, was suddenly summoned into the presence of his King, to receive at His hand a crown of life that fadeth not away.

Brother Waterhouse was born in

Yorkshire,

England. At the age of seventeen he gave God his heart, purposing, by His grace, to live a godly, consistent life. For a while all went well, but the time came when he neglected to watch and pray.

So the weeds sprung up and choked his growth. For forty years, like as the children of Israel wandered in the wilderness through disobedience, so our brother wandered.

During this time he had made his way

To Canada,

where for some time he spent his substance wastefully.

His children were by this time growing up, and able to earn quite a bit, their income being in the neighborhood of $100 to $150 per month; but it went as fast as it came, the father drinking and wasting all that he got hold of. But as the prodigal son of old came to himself and said, "I will arise and go to my father," so our comrade came to himself.

On the anniversary of his natural birthday, at Stouffville, he was

Born Again

of the Spirit of God.

Shortly after his conversion he moved to Palmerston, and became a soldier in the Palmerston corps, where he was loved and respected by his comrades, and looked up to with confidence for his consistent daily walk. The Sergeant-Major of this corps, who worked in the same place of employ for eight years with our brother, and lived next door neighbor for years, testifies to the fact that his life at all times during their acquaintance was one that would

Bear Inspection.

The first time I saw him was one Sunday, and as I looked over the platform at the different soldiers my attention was drawn to him particularly, for his face seemed like a transparent glass, reflecting the light of the Sun of Righteousness. As he rose to his feet he said that he did thank God for salvation: it had made such a difference in his life, and home. He said:

"Happiness reigns there now; there are only three of us at home now, but we are all saved, bless God, and I feel so happy

As a Butterfly.

There was a time when worldly wealth came in, but now there is not so much of that, but the heavenly riches of God's blessings are rolling over my heart."

When he had finished his dear wife rose and confirmed the statement of the change and happiness in their life, and said how there was one of her dear boys who was still drifting away on the storm of life's rough sea. She asked the comrades and Christians to pray with her, that her wandering boy would be brought

Within the Fold.

The next thing I heard was that father was sick, and on Tuesday I visited him, and found him quite ill, yet the family had no cause for special anxiety. I visited him again on Wednesday, and while talking, he said, "I want to live and die a Salvationist, and bless God, when I do go, I'm ready."

I did not go on Thursday, but our Sergeant-Major told me that he and his wife visited him.

After the meeting, Father's youngest daughter came over and called the Sergeant's daughter quickly; father was worse. Before they got into the house he had crossed

The Cold Swellings of Jordan,

and Jesus had carried him through.

On Tuesday, the 11th, we laid him to rest. The funeral was very largely attended by citizens, friends and relatives.

At night a memorial service was held in the barracks, when God came very near and distinctly spoke to the hearts of men and women.

The Wandering Boy,

mother spoke of the Sunday before, was there, and God did speak, for the next Sunday he came to his father's and mother's God for victory through the Blood. His father's life had left an impression that could not be shaken off. Hallelujah!

I feel sure that our Army comrades will bear his dear wife up in prayer for strength, help and comfort in her hour of trial.

ENSIGN W. H. FRAZER.

From a Bed of Pain to the Land of Peace.

ORILLIA.—It is with feelings of loving sorrow, intermingled with heavenly joy, that we report the departure of our beloved sister, Private Mrs. Sanderson, for the home of the blessed Saviour, Whom she loved dearer than life. On Friday, March 2nd, she passed from a bed of sickness to the land of peace and joy.

She had been sick for some time, and unable to leave her bed. When we visited her, she was constantly testifying that all was well between her soul and God. The last time I saw her before she passed away, I asked her if she had any message she would like me to take to the people. She said:

"Yes; tell them to meet me in heaven.

I Am Going Home

soon. I am glad in my health and strength I gave myself to God. Now, on my dying bed, I can say all is well with my soul. Hallelujah!"

She had been a soldier for about five years. During that time she proved God's power to keep.

Ensign and Mrs. Ayre, from Lindsay, conducted the funeral service. It was held on Sunday afternoon. We had a meeting at the house. We prayed and sang. A few testimonies were given. A few words from God's Word was read. After an earnest invitation to the unsaved to seek Jesus, we proceeded to God's acre. As we stood

By the Open Grave,

we pledged ourselves once more to be true to God and the Army.

We held a memorial service at night, and God's Spirit was present, and worked in the hearts of the people, when a sister of our departed comrade gave herself to Jesus.

We are believing that the death and memory of our dear sister will result in many more souls being won for Jesus.

CAPTAIN W. S. DYKER.

To Heaven From a Coal Mine.

"He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

STELLARTON.—The past week has, to a very great extent, been one of sadness, caused by the death of two of our dear comrades, Brothers Ferguson and Foster.

One of them was an old veteran, and the other, just a babe, as it were, in the Christian life, for he had been saved just a fortnight before the terrible accident took place, that cut off his bright, young life, and hurried him, without a moment's notice, into eternity.

Brother Foster was the first to go. Although such a short time converted, he just seemed to be

Ripening for the Kingdom

above, and he carried about with him a blessed influence, that endeared him to every comrade.

His trust was so simple and childlike, his service so true, that everyone believed him to be thoroughly saved.

He left his home in his usual health, to go to work in the mine, where he was employed. About noon he was brought home to his widowed stepmother,

A Mangled Corpse.

He had been a trifle discouraged the day before the accident, but had got all right; so, before going to work that morning, he said to one of the comrades, "*Tell the Captain I am all right.*"

Little he thought that that would be his last message. Thank God he is safe.

The funeral was most impressive, and as we formed an open-air ring outside the house, we believe God spoke to many hearts.

The Next To Go

the same week, was Brother Ferguson. He, unlike Brother Foster, had been on the way for a number of years, and for several weeks before his death, suffered a great deal, and it was just a happy release from pain and suffering, to the land where there is no pain, or sorrow, or death.

His testimony was one of blessed assurance. "Ready, and just waiting for the Master."

Although hearts have been torn, and vacancies made in the homes, we are sure of meeting them again on the Resurrection Morning. In this thought the bereaved ones are comforted. We ask the prayers of every comrade for the comforting of these two families thus bereft of their loved ones.

The Memorial Service

was held on Sunday evening, and was a meeting long to be remembered. Two souls sought pardon at the close.

CAPTAIN HEISLER.

FROM FAIRVILLE, N. B.

EASTER IN HEAVEN,

Glad to go to Jesus "Only for Tom," but Little Tom Had Come Before Her.

MRS. W. ROSS.

MONTREAL II.—Our dear comrade, Mrs. Ross and her little boy "Tom," have gone to spend Easter in heaven. The call was sudden, but, praise God, our dear comrade was ready.

While her husband knelt by her bedside, holding her hand, he asked her, "Is it well with your soul?"

In the midst of her pain she could smile and say, "Yes!"

When asked if willing to go and be with Jesus, she replied,

"Yes, Only for Tom,"

not knowing that the Lord had seen fit to call the little one to Himself just three hours before her, for he had died in the hospital.

As she was nearing the river, her last words were, "I have trusted Him."

Shortly after, she passed away, leaving many to mourn her loss in the fight here, but who are determined to meet her over there.

On Sunday afternoon, the little one left to the father, only

Thirteen Days Old,

was dedicated to the Lord.

It was a sad meeting. There was hardly a dry eye to be seen.

At the close, three sisters came to Christ to be saved. May the Lord help them to fill the gap left in our ranks by our ascended comrade.

At night, we held a memorial meeting. The building was full. Many were brought face to face with the necessity of being ready when the Lord should call them. We believe many through our comrade's death shall be brought to Christ.

CAPTAIN HOLMAN.

The Late Lord Tweedmouth,

FATHER OF LADY ABERDEEN.

Lord Tweedmouth was born in 1820. He combined with his hereditary business instincts strong literary and artistic tastes, and he had a passion for all that pertained to sport and natural history. Following the lead of these preferences, he, in early manhood, bought a home in the wilds of Inverneshire, where he created a veritable paradise, which became the birthplace of Lady Aberdeen. In 1881 he was created first baronet Tweedmouth.

"Guisschan," in Inverness, was the favorite residence of the family. It became renowned in all the North of Scotland for its wide hospitality, and every autumn found gathered beneath its roof prominent politicians of both parties, artists, literary men, and thus was the present mistress of Rideau brought into contact with most of the leading men of the day, riding and walking in their company, listening to their stories and reminiscences and imbibing all unconsciously a strong liberal bias which presently blossomed into full force.

TERRITORIAL TOPICS.

(Continued from page 9.)

May God make his spell in the field a blessing to himself and many others.

Then there is Ensign Jones, who now takes the rank of Adjutant; an officer whose faithful service to the cause, and Mrs. Booth, personally, has made it a joy to direct her. She has served under the colors now for eight years.

ADJUTANT JONES.

Next comes Captain Ellery, who steps on to the Staff with the rank of Ensign, after a successful career of six years. Her new appointment to the St. John Rescue Home gives her a splendid chance of doing more for God than ever.

And Captain Fitzpatrick, toiling away yonder, three thousand miles off us, you are not forgotten. Take your promotion to the rank of Ensign as a mark of our confidence and recognition of your five years' toil, and let it stimulate you to greater advances.

Also my dear comrade, Captain Wiseman; how pleased I am to send you forth to your new appointment with the rank of Ensign. Go, and be as devoted a Staff as you have been a field officer and I've no fear of your finish.

And last, but not least, there is the new addition to our women warrior D. O's. Ah! Canada leads the world here. Now, Ensign Scarr, after your eight years' experience you should be able to show your brother comrades how to do this thing. And all of you listen! Keep simple and teachable, and don't get TOUCHY. If you do, you're done for, sure as fate; your promotion will be converted into a mill-stone round your neck.

Staff-Captain Howell follows Staff-Captain Bennett at St. John, and becomes second to Brigadier Jacobs. It is a big place for him, but with God's help he will fill it. Ensign Hitts comes to take an important post in Toronto. Ensign Blackburn and Lieutenant Pugh proceed at once to take charge of the Salvation Harbor at Halifax. Ensign Wiseman takes the vacant place at Belleville. Ensign Scarr goes to command a new district, with headquarters at Cobourg. Captain Fox takes charge of the "Lighthouse," and Captain Tierney of the Children's Shelter. Somebody's wanted for Guelph, and someone else for a fearfully *hard fight*. Will it be you? It is just as well you should be ready.

Appointments.

STAFF-CAPT. HOWELL.

MRS. HOWELL.

ENSIGN WISEMAN.

Arrangements are approaching completion for the General's visit. The pledge of the International Headquarters has now been secured that he shall visit Newfoundland and British Columbia, as well as other parts of Canada. Now watch! Something stupendous, something unique, something never before heard of is going to happen. The United States won't be in it! The Commandant intends paying a flying visit to the East and Newfoundland during May. Our Marriage Bill for Manitoba is passing its third reading; one also for British Columbia its second. Now then, New Brunswick, where are you? The Winnipeg brass band have volunteered to give a fortnight's tour through the Brandon District. Good! Next time I visit the North-West, I want to see a proper mounted brass band, arranged cow-boy fashion, for scouring the prairie villages. Mrs. Margetts sends on behalf of all the officers in council a letter of sympathy and affection to Mrs. Booth, pledging loyalty, and urging her to pay them a visit. All right, Winnipeg; I'll do my best to send her along. This year is the General's Jubilee! It is fifty years since he started to serve God. The party for the C. P. is occupying the Commandant's attention. "Whom shall I send?" The date of sailing for London is Saturday, June 23rd. The dates of the June Congress are from Friday, June 15th, to Thursday, June 21st, inclusive. The Massey Music Hall is taken for Thursday evening, June 21st. It will seat four thousand five hundred. The biggest "go" on record that night. Mrs. Arkett has presented the Ensign with a splendid boy. What will become of the Army in the future? The boys will carry it on—*and* the girls. Ensign Gage reports thirty-three souls in seven days at Clark's Harbor. The Commandant is addressing the congregation of the Rev. Mr. Phelps' church, at Hamilton, prior to the meeting in the barracks next Sunday night.

Tit-Bits.

THE RISING TIDE IS WITH US!

The Special Holiness Campaign will be continued every Friday night, in the Y. W. C. A. Hall, until further notice.

About Fishing!

BY THE GENERAL.

No. III.

I now propose to give some general directions for the careful consideration of officers and soldiers engaged in "Fishing."

Since the appearance in your columns of my two previous letters, I have had good opportunity for watching the working of the method therein discussed, at our late meetings at Manchester, Edinburgh, Bradford, and elsewhere, where I have received the opinions of other officers as to their working under their own eyes. The result of this experience has been very encouraging indeed, and I therefore, pursue the theme with increased interest and confidence.

Directions for "Fishing."

I find some difficulty in giving advice as to the discharge of this duty. It is a work which I have already said peculiarly requires Divine guidance. It cannot be effectively discharged without it, no matter what instruction the Fisher may receive. Officers and soldiers who are charged with this duty, should go straight to the Throne of Grace, and ask for that Spirit which alone is able to direct and make them successful, and not rest until they can believe for its reception.

Still, I cannot refrain from saying something of what I believe the Lord has taught me on this subject, and of those methods which I have learned by long years of actual practice on the field.

Go To Your Post.

1. *The moment the signal is given, the "Fisher" should proceed to the part of the building assigned to him.* If sitting amongst the people with whom he is going to deal, he should earnestly pray, as the service proceeds, for the unconverted around him, and the moment the speaking concludes, should commence at once, urging them to decide and go forward. If the "Fisher" sits on the platform, he should watch the countenances of the people, if he is near enough to his section of the building to see them, and if he has ordinary discernment of the Spirit, he will be able to discover something of what is passing in their minds, and directly he has the opportunity, he can personally appeal to them on the strength of what he has observed.

Mind Your Introduction.

2. *The "Fisher" should be careful with his first question.* This is important, seeing that it is so very easy to shut up the heart and close the ear against any further appeal by a too abrupt or too familiar introduction. Sometimes—nay, very often, when men have been convinced during the service that they are wrong the conviction will have created a nervous and irritable state of feeling that will necessitate a very careful handling if they are not to be driven from the building. The attack should always be opened in a very gentle and respectful manner. Your looks, your manner, your earnestness, your character, will all tell powerfully at that moment and have much to do with your acceptance. All this will be determined very much by the state of your own heart. If that is full of sympathy all else will be in keeping with it, and you will not go far astray.

To gain attention, and to be allowed to deal with an individual personally about his soul, and that at the beginning, is a great advantage, and often the forerunner of victory. To receive a refusal at the onset means probably being shut out from that soul, for that meeting anyway, if not for ever; and if they refuse to hear you, they will be very likely to refuse to hear anyone else; therefore the "Fisher" must be very careful with his first approaches or he will simply frighten his fish away. In "Fishing" I have tried many different modes of address, and have, thank God, very often succeeded, and alas, alas! have very often failed. The following hints may be useful:—

Get on Talking Terms.

(*a*) The "Fisher's" first business is to get as we have seen, into friendly relations. Especially is this important if the individual attacked is a stranger, or someone likely to resent any personal approaches, or to be easily offended. I have sometimes in such cases opened the attack by asking the person what he thinks of the meeting, or of the singing, or the subject of the address, or of something else about the night's work, and have then gone on to personal matters.

When Really Awakened, Arguments Unnecessary.

(*b*) If there is evidence that the person approached is wounded, that is, really convicted of his sinfulness, no introduction is needed. Go straight for decision, and you can often command it by saying, "Come away." I have taken hundreds of souls, thus wounded, by the hand and led them to the mercy seat, without saying a word, or not more than, "Come away."

(*c*) If the "Fisher" has any personal acquaintance with the person addressed, if he be a relative, or is in any way conversant with his religious state, the Fisher's course is plain. He can speak to him at once familiarly—it should always be seriously—and can press him to decide at once. But, even here, strangers will frequently have more influence than friends.

(*d*) If the "Fisher" knows the character of the individual, the way is again tolerably plain. That is, if he knows that he is a backslider, or a sceptic, a drunkard, a pharisee, an unconverted hearer, or the like, his way will be straight before him. Under such circumstances, it is a great advantage to the "Fisher" to let the person know that he is aware of his religious condition. He can then at once appeal to him in his true character, and ask if he has any desire to be saved.

What Question to Ask.

(*e*) If the person approached is a stranger, of whose condition the "Fisher" has no knowledge, then he must go very carefully. His first business is to find out whether he is saved or not, and this sometimes is a difficult task. Men and women who are strangers to Salvation Army plainness of speech on these matters are naturally averse to opening their hearts to a stranger, and being criticised in public, as they regard it. I commenced forty-nine years ago dealing with the unsaved by asking the question, "Are you happy?" And when a great revival is in full swing, and people are made to look their spiritual condition fairly in the face, the question answers well. Because the Spirit of God, by realising to the sinner his condition, and keeping it before his mind, produces a state of discontent, and corresponding misery within him which he cannot shake off. But in times of indifference, I am not sure whether it would serve your purpose. If nothing better offers, you may ask such questions as the following:—

Are you saved?
Have you got this matter settled?
Are you living to please God?
Are you ready for eternity?

The subject of the night's address will often suggest questions which may be asked with good effect. For instance, if the talking has been about Christ's knocking at the door of the hearts of sinners, the question may be asked, "Have you let Jesus in?"

If the subject has been Indecision, you may ask, "Have you settled this matter?"

If the topic has been Death, you may ask, "Are you ready to die?"

If the topic has been the Great White Throne, or the Judgment Day, you may ask, "Are you ready to stand before that throne?"

If the topic has been Holiness, you may ask, "Have you found this blessing of a clean heart?"

You Must Have a Reply.

3. The "Fisher" should, whenever possible, secure an answer to his question. That is, he should prevail upon those with whom he speaks to give him the information as to their religious condition, for which he asks. Sometimes people will remain for hours under fire without speaking a single word.

The reasons for this silence are not always the same. Sometimes they appear to be possessed of a dumb devil. Elijah closed his appeal to the Israelites with the question, "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him, and if Baal, follow him." But the people answered him not a word. The reason for their silence being, I suppose, that although they knew that they ought to serve God, they had not made up their minds to do so, and, therefore, were silent. So it often is, I fancy, with the people with whom the "Fisher" has to deal. He, like Elijah, says, "How long halt ye between two opinions?" But still there is no answer. Varying the question, he urges it again and again. But still there is no reply. They know that they are wrong, but will not make up their minds to do right, and, therefore, having nothing to say that is satisfactory, they say nothing at all. They dare not say no; and they have not decided to say yes.

In other cases, they don't speak because their hearts are so full; they are afraid that if they do, their feelings will carry them away and break them down. They are opposed to that, and so are silent.

And yet they must speak. Talking will be of very little service to them unless they will speak back again. How can they be advised unless their state of mind be known?

In all this, officers and soldiers whom the Lord has made to be "Fishers" of men, will be guided. If they have the Spirit, they will not go wrong. Much, very much, also, depends upon the influence of the meeting. When a place is charged, as it were, with the heavenly electricity, almost anything can be done with the people. Hearts will be like clay, plastic and mouldable in the hands of the servants and handmaidens of the Lord, and they will be forced into the Kingdom almost at pleasure. How great is the responsibility of the "Fisher" at times like this none can tell.

Sometimes I have succeeded with these "dumb souls" by taking them unawares with a question respecting some topic distant from spiritual matters, and having once opened their lips I have had no further difficulty with them on that score. Sometimes a song, a prayer, or a strong act of faith on the part of those seeking their decision has gained the day; anyway, it is usually safe to conclude that the Spirit of God is at work in such cases, and, therefore, the "Fisher" should be encouraged to go forward with the attack.

Beware of Gossiping Talk.

7. Sometimes the difficulty is in the opposite direction to the one just described. Some people enjoy being talked to; it gratifies their vanity to be made an object of interest, or their love for talking, and they will keep you half an hour, or as long as you like to stay, talking and being talked too, without being conscious of any desire for salvation, or the most distant intention of seeking it. Beware of these. Anyway, the "Fisher" should deal with them with all faithfulness and according to the time and strength he has at command.

Don't be Put Off.

8. The "Fisher" must beware of being put off with answers intended simply to get rid of him. He will find this very common. People will be interested in the meeting, and want to remain; but they won't want to be talked to at close quarters, and have to make admission as to needing salvation.

A HORRIBLE FOE.

BY CAPTAIN PAYNE.

Discouragement is like a boa constrictor of formidable dimensions, which coils itself tightly around the life of the negligent soul. It will hug to death the soul as certain as the boa constrictor would crush life out of the body. Escape could only be by miracle. God only works miracles for the willing and obedient in heart; therefore beware! Has not this wily foe of human nature often bitten the strong as well as the weak, and that, too, with such viper-like vengeance as to cause them to fall at its feet utterly helpless? Where it does not kill it wounds most cruelly, and then sometimes the wound is never mollified with the oil of truth or healed with the ointment of saving grace.

Discouragement is a bear that never ceases to prowl around, therefore beware of its arms. It catches to kill. Discouragement is sometimes very swift. It often wings its way into the vitals like the piercing arrow which flies at lightning speed from the skilled hunter's bow, entering the heart of the unguarded game.

Oh, what spiritually dead bodies we see on every hand, which have been either robbed, stung, or bitten by this foe.

Discouragement also breeds dread and fear. It was this which kept the children of Israel out of the land of promise, and left them to wander in the wilderness. They "could not enter in because of unbelief." This, coupled with disobedience, left their dead carcases a prey to the vultures of the forest.

How many to-day are wandering, seeking rest, but finding it not, because, like Israel of old, they fail to kill and cast out the enemies in their own hearts.

Looking through the eyes of unbelief, the Israelites shrank from the giant-like appearance of the foe. Real, living faith sees the giant, a grasshopper, and, David like, treads him under foot.

Discouragement, as well as emptying the spiritual veins of power to be aggressive, deprives the nerve of those fighting qualities which are necessary to spur up to action. It gores the heart, and sucks the blood, and eats the flesh off every nature which it grasps.

In times of war, every soldier must expect to have seasons of privation, sore perplexities, and opposition from the enemy he seeks to defeat. But using the Sword of the Spirit, and having on the breastplate of righteousness, and our feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, we need not fear of being moved by the mocking fiend of discouragement.

To those given to fits of discouragement and despondency, I would say as God said to Joshua, "Be of good courage," for He will not fail to strengthen thine heart. Be not of a doubtful mind then, but when sorely pressed to give place to discouragement, look to God for grace, and it will be given; yes, Christ-begotten strength means victorious action, which creates a deep sense of true safety in the storm as well as the calm.

EASTERN PROVINCE.

BRIGADIER JACOBS.

Yarmouth.

Anyone that has ever been to Clark's Harbor will always be glad to get back again. The kindness of the people here cannot be exceeded. We had just arranged a ten days' special campaign here, with band. Ten days is rather a long pull at one place, but of course, we had to go when the boat went and come when the boat came.

Monday morning found us all on the wharf, with instruments of various kinds ready for action, when to our surprise the word came the boat could not go on account of so much ice.

Tuesday morning, bright and early, we were all on board, a happy crowd. The lines were thrown off, and presently we were steaming away, only doomed to disappointment again, on account of so much ice, we could not get out of the harbor. Someone said there must be a Jonah in the crew, and, of course, the lot fell on Brother McDonald, the man Captain Curry announced came from Scotland, Cape Breton. However, Salvationists are not to be beaten, and we made up our minds to try again.

Wednesday morning was bright and clear. We had not been on board long before we found ourselves out on the troubled waters of the Bay of Fundy, anxiously waiting to see which of the crowd had the most sympathy and would feed the fishes first. However, none of our crowd were very sick, though one brother chose to stay on deck rather than come below, where it was warm and comfortable; of course, we all knew how he felt, and could sympathize with him. The time soon passed away, with music, song, and prayer. About three p.m. we arrived all safe; was met by Captain Curry and Lieutenant Smith, who piloted us to Brother Mickerson's for a cup of tea. Soon we were on our way to the first meeting.

A full barracks greeted us, and the music took the crowd. Prayers went up to God from hearts on fire for souls. The eternal truths were belched forth in old-fashioned style. The Spirit was working mightily, and conviction settled on the crowd.

Thursday night was a wonderful time; tears flowed freely; men and women riveted to their seats.

Friday night we took the Kingdom by violence, and beseeched the Father in Heaven to move the crowd and save sinners. One came and sought pardon.

Saturday night and all day Sunday we fought hard, but no break, but victory was nigh at hand; such prayers could not go unanswered; God must save.

Sunday night was the crowning time, when thirteen sought salvation; a mother and three daughters were kneeling together seeking salvation; a brother, who had been a prodigal for twenty-eight years, came home; old and young were found weeping for their sins at the Cross. This was a time of rejoicing. We closed up about twelve o'clock, giving God the praise for this blessed manifestation of His power.

Monday night was our musical meeting; had a good time.

A good crowd Tuesday night, which was our last night. Everybody went in for souls; the meeting went with a swing; the truths took hold, and proved to be sharper than a two-edged sword. We held on in faith, feeling sure of victory. Now they rise to come; clear the way, and they kept on coming until nineteen were kneeling seeking salvation. This was a glorious time and a mighty victory. A mother prayed for her son and daughter. They both came and got saved. Another mother threw her arms around her boy's neck and entreated him to come to Jesus; this was more than he could stand; he came, followed by two more young men. This caused a great outburst of joy, when old and young praised the Lord.

We wound up our seven days' campaign with thirty-three souls for salvation, and all the soldiers and Christians filled with joy and gladness.

We arrived home all O.K. Wednesday; had a grand soldiers' meeting Thursday night; a full barracks greeted us; we enrolled six recruits; had two men seeking salvation.

Saturday we were off to Digby for a week's special campaign there, and as true as there is a God living, there is victory there.—Ensign R. Gage.

Lieutenant Burton. Captain Wightman. Sergeant Long.
Sergeant Clarke. Sergeant Wilson. Sergeant-Major Sellon. Secretary White.

Halifax I.

On Tuesday night Ensign McNamara led the meeting. We had the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Sambro, with us; also some of his people, who testified to God's salvation, and on Friday night one soul sought pardon through the blood of Jesus. We had blessed meetings on Sunday night in the open-air, as well as inside the barracks. One soul came to the mercy-seat in the afternoon meeting. We are living for the salvation of souls. The Lord it with us and we are sure of victory. Amen!—C. S. Cassin.

Clark's Harbor, N.S.

Sixty Souls this week have been swept into the fountain and have come out cleansed from all sin. God is working, and the fire of the Holy Ghost is burning through Clark's Harbor.—Captain Curry.

Truro.

Since last report a brother and sister sought and found pardon for their sins. Although the fight is hard at present, we intend to fight on and have the victory through Christ.—Robert H. Phinney, Special Correspondent.

Truro.

A hallelujah wedding is something new, and as this is the first one that has taken place here, it caused no little excitement. The hall was full. We had Staff-Captain Howell, Captains Sabine and Alward, Lieutenant Fancy and Sister Christie with us for the occasion. The meeting opened in due form, Staff-Captain Howell leading. While the second song was being sung, the wedding party, Brother George Field, supported by Sergeant-Major McLean, and Sister McInnis, supported by Sister Minnie White, took seats on the platform. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. L. Geggie, assisted by Staff-Captain Howell. When the ceremony was over the bride and groom were called upon for a few words. Both testified to being well-saved, and determined to fight in the ranks of the Army. Praise God! Rev. A. L. Geggie then addressed the meeting for a short time.—Robert H. Phinney, Special Correspondent.

Windsor, N.S.

The old chariot is still rolling on, and sinners are getting saved. Our meetings have been full of power and blessing, and we have great reasons to rejoice in God, the Rock of our salvation. Tuesday we had with us Staff-Captain Howell and Captain McLean from Halifax, and Captain Young, from Dartmouth. Big march and open-air. Forty testified to the power of God to keep, and nine were enrolled under the good old Army flag. Sergeants were appointed and commissioned. In the name of Jesus we mean to face the foe, and we are sure victory will perch upon our banner.—Sergeant-Major Jadis.

St. John I.

Things here are looking better. We have an increase of soldiers on the march, better attendance inside, and more at knee-drill on Sunday mornings.

Last Sunday we finished up our meetings with six at the Cross.

On Monday night another sought pardon. Hallelujah.

We had announced a War Cry meeting on Thursday night. The soldiers went in to make it a success; the lassies trimmed their dresses and bonnets with War Cries, the lads their pants and coats. The people stared through doors and windows as we went by, and I think I can safely say that we had hundreds at the open-air. We had a proper time inside. Many spoke of the blessings received while reading or selling the Cry.—Captain L. Penny.

Kentville.

Thank God for salvation. The latest is three souls at the fountain, and a big banquet, with Staff-Captain Howell at the head of the table. Jubilee meeting was good, and the special collection taken inside by the Grits and Tories, was a big thing. Praise God we are saved around this part of the country, and mean to fight it out to the end.—Captain Alward.

Scilly Cove.

Since last you heard from this beautiful little place, we are glad to say not one of our number has died. We are all living and working.

There has been an enrolment of twelve recruits. A hallelujah wedding went off grandly. A visit from our dear old leaders, Staff-Captain and Mrs. Read. It is very likely you will all see from the Cry what an enjoyable time was spent. We all feel truly sorry to lose them. We all say God bless them. Their visit was a blessed one to us here in this place. We shall not forget them, nor the councils. All of our soldiers would like a visit from them once more, but we shall meet again.

I suppose readers of the War Cry like to hear how other corps are getting along. Well, Scilly Cove is blessed with a bran new flag. Hurrah for the Blood-and-fire!

A beautiful big bass drum has just arrived. Having heard from Staff-Captain Read that it was in Harbor Grace, one of our Sergeants, with two dogs, left here in the morning to get back at night in time to join in with us to feast at the soldiers' meeting. It was forty-two miles going and coming, but he did it all right, for when rising from prayer, and giving out the second song, the door came open, and in rolled a beautiful, new drum, and the Sergeant smiling, came after it. We were all glad to see them both. It has a beautiful tone, and a beauty to look at. Although it was a hard pull to get the $28 together, yet, thank God, we have it. May God bless those who gave towards it. I feel sure that He will reward them; they won't know next year that they gave anything. In spite of all the devils, we got our bass drum, so we mean to march right on until we go to glory.

Our first march was a grand one; not many could keep time with the singing, some shouting, and others almost falling, yet we got back to the barracks all the same, and found it nicely seated with great and small. One soul, which if real, and proves good and true until death, will be at the Judgment Day far more to look at than all the flags or drums we have ever seen.

We do thank God for all these things, and and go on to praise Him, and we don't let any thing run away with our salvation. May God bless all the drums, and all the flags, and all those that beat the first, or wave the last.—Captain England.

St. Johns, N. F.

Twenty-one souls knelt at the penitent-form on Sunday night; six in the afternoon; seven on Monday night. Glory to God. The heavenly gales are blowing.—H. C. E.

Old Perlican, N. F.

We are indeed very glad to report that God is giving us the victory here. Many precious souls have sought and found the Pearl of greatest price.

On Thursday night we had our second enrolment of recruits; eighteen comrades were enrolled under the flag. Among the number was a brother, aged seventy, who, with tears streaming down over his face, told us how thankful he was that God had saved him from a life of sin, and how he meant to spend the remainder of his days for God. Another comrade walked seven miles to be enrolled, t . . by the look on his happy face, I believe that he was rewarded for so doing. We are still praying and believing for greater victories.—Captain Campbell.

"Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth!"—*Isaiah* v. 8.

AUTOHARPS.

The demand for this beautiful instrument is daily increasing. We have repeated enquiries about them. In order to supply our Officers quickly and cheaply, we have made arrangements with the manufacturers, and are now selling autoharps at the following rates:

					PRICE
No. 1—21 strings,	3 bars,	producing 3 chords			$ 4 00
" 2—23 "	4 "	"	4 "		5 00
" 22—23 "	5 "	"	5 "		5 50
" 3—28 "	4 "	"	9 "		11 50
" 4—28 "	5 "	"	11 "		15 00
" 5—28 "	5 "	"	13 "		20 00
" 6—32 "	6 "	"	16 "		27 00

THE GIST OF THE WORLD'S "CRYS."

ENGLAND.

Here is a headline for an article, if you please:

"*The sale of slaves at Morocco goes on almost daily under the very gaze of the Imperial Court Women are put to the hammer and knocked down, as a rule, for $100, while young girls fetch $175.*"—DAILY PAPER.

This abomination of daily slave selling in Morocco furnishes a peg upon which the English *War Cry* hangs a speaking frontispiece, and an article denouncing all slavery—both black and white. "Thank God," say the Britishers, "ownership in humanity is, thank God, not to be reckoned as one of the many national vices;" nevertheless, several samples are added to prove that all slavery is not dead in England. "Ambition slavery" is exposed in a scene in "The Brandy Club," where Paterfamilias barters his son's life and soul for worldly prospects. There is "money slavery." You may observe it in a ball-room at Lady Highlife's, where Countess Cashless sells her daughter to old Lord Ogre for. "Oh, such diamonds!" and a coronet.

Finally, "Drink Slavery."

SCENE—*Cutthroat Alley, outside Murx, the cobbler's, eleven p. m.*

Murx (mad drunk): "Money, money! I must have drink! *Must* have it! Give me money."

Wife (heart-broken): "*Jim, for God's sake*, remember we've nothing in the room. Every stick is sold, and the children are lying on the bare boards crying with the cold. I haven't a penny in the world."

Murx: "Ah, you ——, you're lying; you have money, plenty, you artful wretch. Hide away, so that your poor husband can't get a half-pint o' beer. Give it me, or——(strikes her; she falls, bleeding). There's the children's clothes, go and fetch them, pawn them, and bring the money to the 'Cat and Fiddle;' I'm going to join the goose club. Do you hear, eh?"

Exit, singing, "Britons never, *never*, NEVER, shall be slaves."

There is only one way of true escape:

"If the Son, therefore, shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

"ON THE WING" is an account of a day on the Farm Colony, where John Jones gets a bed, and, as well as being well fed, finds he has a chance to rise. Into whatever department you may go it is always the men's interests first:

"It is not 'What can we get out of them?' but, "What can we do for them?"

Space forbids dilating upon other industries. For example, the works' department, and its house and chapel building; the dust and traffic works, which provide labor for a large number; the brick-fields and tenements; the poultry, piggeries, market gardening, general farm work, etc., etc.

A Manchester Masterpiece tells of a "Two Days" of unapproached triumph, with 336 penitents and seekers, with spiritual tories converted into hallelujah radicals, and the whole province pulsating with a new power. "The General, his officers, his soldiers, the public and the Press all concur that no such gatherings have ever been held outside London." Though King Frost reigned in the atmospheric kingdom, waited on by a first-cousin-to-London fog.

In the General's address on "CONQUERING CHRISTIANITY," he exclaimed:

"To be blessed, a man must be a pure man, and to be a pure man, he must have a clean heart, and to have a clean heart, meant victory all the way. 'Are you a blessed man? If I had your wife here, and asked her, would she say so?' The shrill voice and rich brogue of Billy McLeod replied, 'Yaas, bless God!' 'I wish I had her here, then I would enquire!' retorted the General, but added, 'But I will take your word!'"

Colonel Lawley describes how Commissioner Howard met his officers and soldiers of the South-West Province. It was decided that every door in the city should be knocked at. The Colonel concludes this way—

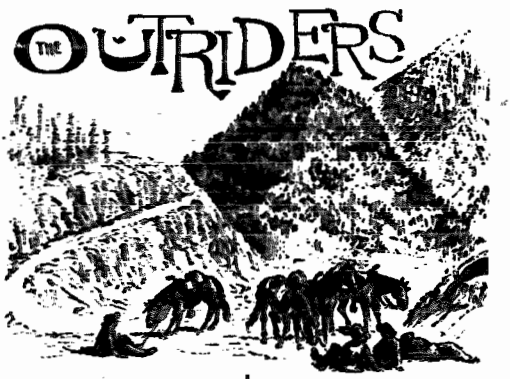
"As I turned away from Bristol on the following morning, I thought I saw Jesus standing on the highest peak of this toiling, suffering city. He was weeping and beckoning for followers, and from His lips dropped the words, 'The harvest is great, but the laborers are few.'"

SAN FRANCISCO.

THE PACIFIC COAST *Cry* has a full page picture, representing our comrades at Self-Denial Target. "AIM STEADY," "PULL

HARD," and "HIT HIGH ABOVE LAST YEAR'S RECORD.

THE OUTRIDERS are well to the front still, and of course, tell of delightful romance,



with all the charm of wild scenery, and salvation incident. We should like to have reproduced some of the half-tones, but we are too wise to attempt it, though we linger regretfully over the leafy beauty of wood, and sprig, and branch, and bough, in the photos.

"JOE, THE TURK," still parades the streets of victory won, where the General expounds "Christ's Christianity," in Scotland's capital.

In "A GALLOP ROUND NORWAY, SWEDEN AND DENMARK," Commissioner Booth-Tucker saw 123 at the mercy-seat.

"What is it?" amongst some other opinions given by those who know, an eight-year sister-officer names several things she has found necessary to bring about success:

First: A pure heart backed up by a consistent life.
Second: Charity, or true love toward God and man.
Third: Interest in the children.
Fourth: Visitation.
Fifth: Last, but far from least, *War Cry* selling.

"WANTED THE WHOLE EARTH; IS SURE TO GET 2 x 6." This, an odd sketch, showing an avaricious, selfish man of wealth, at a point in his career where the devil is carting him off, and dumping him down into his grave, like any other rubbish.

INDIA.

COLONEL RUHANI dwells with power and pathos on the friendship between two remarkable strong natives, *i.e.*, DAVID AND JONATHAN.

"An Autobiography," is by Commissioner Railton.

Major Musa Bhai has a forcible article on "POWER WITH GOD." He says:—

"Power with God is the crying need of the hour. While this spirit would spread a healthy influence all round about, drawing young converts and weak or hungry souls all harmoniously towards the goal of progress in the spiritual life for the individual, keeping everybody alive, it will also be an inspiration for those who are to follow. Let this be our ambition then, dear comrades, not to live for our own little petty, paltry lives, but to avail ourselves of the glorious provision made by Christ for fallen men to be raised up into a life of steady progress and power with God."

"FIRE AND STARVATION," is full of Indian color. It describes pitifully the persecution of a certain little village on the banks of a quiet river, in the Marathi country, by the cruel oppression of the caste people, whose literal slaves they were. The ill-treatment reached a climax one night, when six men, filled with the hate of hell, set fire to the village.

They looked to the Army as their friend in distress. Our comrades hastened to their relief.

"With as little delay as possible, we started to visit the scene of destruction, and there, truly enough, as we came within sight about half a mile off, we saw the whole village assembled under a tree, literally 'Waiting and watching for the coming of the Mukti(ful).' With a sort of patience born of despair, they led us almost silently round their ruined homes and, oh! what heart-breaking sights met our eyes! The harvest was just over, and every house had filled its earthen *chatis* (or *mudkis*) with grain, which was to last their families for the next twelve months, and sow their fields for the next year's crop. But all was gone! Yes, literally ALL! As we turned over the ashes, we saw among the ruins, handfuls of burnt *bhajri*, *jondale*, and *wari*, and as we knew that there lay their food for the next twelve months, ruthlessly destroyed, we had to turn away to hide our tears!"

Then follows an appeal for help. Rs. 150 would cover all expenses of rebuilding the place.

UNITED STATES.

"A PRESENT DAY SAMARITAN," on the front page, represents two bonneted lassies bending over a fallen drunkard, prone on the pavement. The pitying faces are strangely in contrast to the sensual group of men boozing at the tavern door. Two quotations run up the two sides of the picture thus: "IF WE DO NOT DENY OURSELVES, WE DO NOT LEARN OF HIM, BUT OF OTHER MASTERS."—JOHN WESLEY.

"A RELIGION WITHOUT SACRIFICE IS LIKE THE GOSPEL WITHOUT THE CROSS."—MRS. H. H. BOOTH.

SELF-DENIAL is still the main theme.

People who are troubled with a hasty temper, ought to be thankful to read the article that asserts "*deliverance is possible in all cases.*"

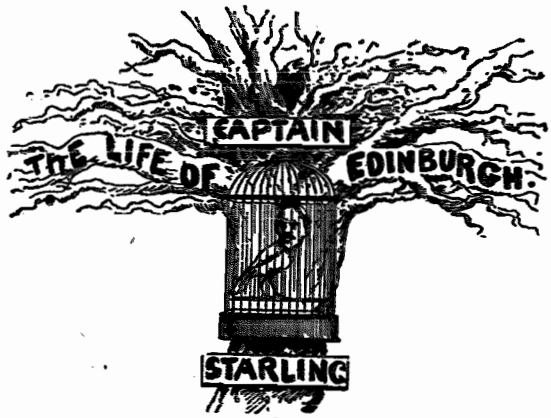
The planks are quoted over which the saved drunkard trod on the way to complete deliverance.

Holy Spirit convinced him of sin.
Holy Spirit showed him the curse of sin.
Holy Spirit made him sorry for sin in his own heart.
Holy Spirit named to him sin's Remedy.
Holy Spirit gave him faith to take the Remedy.
God, for the sake of Jesus' precious blood, pardoned.
The Spirit bore witness.
The drunkard's part was no less binding than God's part; he confessed, repented, laid down instruments of sin, asked, received, thanked.

By the very same path must the man—or woman—of quick temper go; not alone in the United States, but in Canada, too.

In "NEW ENGLAND'S NICEST;" or, "Boston's Biggest and Best," Mrs. Ballington Booth is interviewed on the subject of her lately-made New England run-around.

"'Flushed with the consciousness of blessed victories won,' wrote Major Perry in describing the home-coming of the Commander and Mrs. Booth from their



A life-sketch of CAPTAIN STARLING pictures him first "Caged," and secondly "Free."

A two days in Edinburgh is full of fiery news unvanquished, and undisturbed, except by snowballs.

In "SUCCESSFUL OFFICERSHIP," and

THE CLIMB FOR THE LAUREL WREATH.
SCENE 3.—IIIIIIII

New England campaign, winding up his paragraph with: 'We . . . came very near war whooping this time.' So we did, the 'we' in this case standing for Headquarters' Staff; so did we, the 'we' this time having an editorial bearing, when listening to Mrs. Ballington's recapitulation of the same when in the hands of the interviewer."

The advance in facts and figures is truly remarkable. "See our numbers how they swell!"

"THE RABBLE IN POWER," gives later news from Lowell, picturing the Salvation Army pelted with snow and dirt, and crowded by the mob of hoodlums. It was impossible to talk, sing, or pray, for the yells of the roughs.

The questions naturally arise in our mind: Are Salvationists to be denied the protection given to other citizens? If so, why? If not, how can this permitted hoodlumism be explained away? Perhaps an investigation would not be amiss.

"FIVE SELF-DENIAL FACTS" are placed on record by the Commander. Here is the third:

"I put it upon record that Christ will weigh in His great heart every gift of sacrifice and self-denial by the motive which prompted it."

Good for the youngsters! In self-asked and self-answered Mr. Ballington enquires:

Is the Commander interested in the Junior work? Numerous communications are coming in, asking whether there has yet been provided printed instructions as to the mode of conducting junior soldiers' meetings, and working amongst the children in general. It is a sure thing that, as soon as the various corps have taken up the salvation of the children with proper regard to its important character, the Commander will be willing to aid them with anything in the way of printed matter likely to be helpful in their work.

A Little About Everybody.

Colonel Boon has been specialling at Hednesford.

—:—

During his stay in Edinburgh, **The General** was the guest of the Rev. Alexander Whyte.

—:—

Major Harding is suffering slightly from overwork.

—:—

Commissioner Coombs telegraphed that he expected to arrive in London about the middle of June.

—:—

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Tucker has been closely engaged upon foreign business.

—:—

The Lieutenant, who was fearfully stabbed in a fracas outside one of our barracks in Germany, is surprisingly recovering.

—:—

120 Berlin soldiers accorded **Commissioner Railton** a demonstrative welcome back from his American tour.

—:—

Sir George Dibbs, Premier of New South Wales, is in favor of our Social operations having Government support.

—:—

Every married woman-officer in Lanka, whether Singhalese, Tamil, or European, wears the regulation red ring only.

—:—

The Republican Government has refused to allow a Cape Town brewer to open a distillery in the Orange Free State.

—:—

Colonel Lawley dealt with nearly one hundred candidates for the work, at Manchester, and twenty-five at Bristol.

—:—

Colonel Rees has been unable to go to Manchester owing to a renewal of his illness.

—:—

Colonel Pollard has now a seat upon thirteen various International Boards and Councils.

—:—

The Chief of the Staff transacted business at the Farm Colony, held long councils upon the forthcoming International Congress, foreign appointments, etc.

—:—

Commissioner Howard left for Edinburgh on Saturday to assist the Chief of the Staff with his meetings in the Princess Theatre, and the General in the Synod Hall Two Days.

—:—

Under **Commissioner Booth-Tucker** and Colonel Hellberg, Major Ewens is now Secretary in England for Australasian, South American, and Jamaican affairs; Staff-Captain Acum looks after the interests of the United States, Canada, and South Africa; and Staff-Captain Jackson, the expelled from Finland, has just taken over European matters. Major Bullard still has "India on the brain," as well as being sub-editor of the *Officer*.

CAPTAIN WHAT'S-THE-NAME?

MY DEAR CAPTAIN,—You have not sent us a post card of news for a whole month. Please let us have a *little* information by next mail. The WAR CRY and its readers will be glad to hear about the work of God at your corps.

Yours heartily,
EDITOR.

SONGS OF THE NATIONS

Africa.

BY F. J. MUDD, SPRINGFONTEIN, O. F. S.

TUNE—*Hallelujah to the Lamb.*

I'll stand a prophet for my King,
And will His love proclaim;
And to His feet poor sinners bring,
To glorify His name.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah to the Lamb
Who was slain on Mount Calvary;
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen!

One man possessed with power divine
Can chase a thousand foes;
Elijah had it in his time,
And made people God own.

Who then amongst the true and brave
Will claim power at the Cross?
Who now will seek the cleansing wave
And be cleansed from all dross?

All glory to our Saviour's name,
Who made us pure and free;
In Africa we'll spread His fame,
Our war note, "Victory!"

England.

BY E——.

TUNE—*A little more faith in Jesus.*

MY SWISS LESSON.

Learnt at the Zurich Council of War, where it was necessary to say, "Those who feel too weak to sit through any of the meetings of the Council must feel quite free either not to come, or to leave at any time."

When mountain troubles round me rise,
I'm in the light with Jesus:
They cannot weaken faith's clear eyes,
I'm in the light with Jesus.

CHORUS.

There's no night here, (Repeat)
I'm in the light with Jesus.

When all far from me icy stand,
I'm in the light with Jesus;
Faith joins me to the heavenly band,
I'm in the light with Jesus.

When men my every hope would crush,
I'm in the light with Jesus;
New power comes on me with a rush,
I'm in the light with Jesus.

When weakness holds my body low,
I'm in the light with Jesus;
With gladness still my heart can glow,
I'm in the light with Jesus.

Despised and poor, abused and weak,
I'm in the light with Jesus;
The Almighty Voice can through me speak,
I'm in the light with Jesus.

Before the light all darkness flies,
I'm in the light with Jesus;
From sin's black pits our forces rise,
I'm in the light with Jesus.

The sinners fear, and come and yield,
I'm in the light with Jesus;
"Enduring all things" souls are healed,
I'm in the light with Jesus.

India.

BY INDIAN AUXILIARY 37.

TUNE—*Shout aloud salvation, boys.*

Shout aloud of Jesus' love, there is no better song,
Sing it every moment as your life is passing on;
Sing in every sinner's ears that Christ can set all free,
Keep singing the wondrous story.

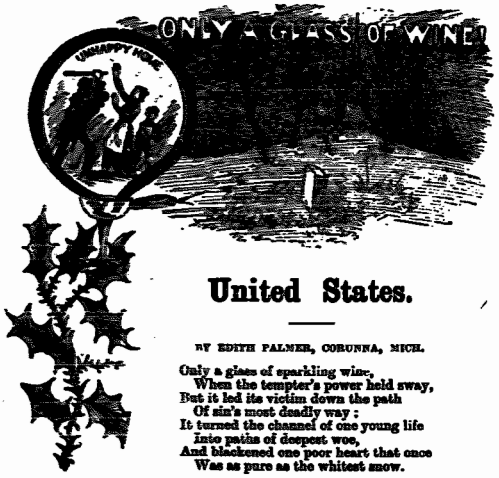
CHORUS.

Sing on, sing on, oh, sing of Jesus' love,
Pray on, pray on, and move the heavens above;
Till every foe is vanquished, and all from sin set free,
And marching with us to glory.

Louder shout of Jesus' love, some souls are still asleep,
Tell to everyone you meet, Jesus can save and keep;
Oh, do not rest, know no delay, till every soul is free,
And join us in telling the story.

Souls to hell are speeding fast, oh, louder sing the song,
And you who only listen now, join in to swell it on;
Till every tribe and nation over every land and sea,
Have heard of the wondrous story.

Just a word, "True Holiness," in singing, in the key,
Without it you can never hope to sing successfully;
Oh, Saviour, make Thy people then a really holy band,
As they go singing Thy story.



United States.

BY EDITH PALMER, CORUNNA, MICH.

Only a glass of sparkling wine,
When the tempter's power held sway,
But it led its victim down the path
Of sin's most deadly way:
It turned the channel of one young life
Into paths of deepest woe,
And blackened one poor heart that once
Was as pure as the whitest snow.

Only a glass of wine, alas!
It was a most fatal start,
For it turned to a demon a fair young lad
And broke a fond mother's heart;
It darkened a young wife's happiness,
And gave her but pain and woe;
It brought her, instead of a loving caress,
A curse and a cruel blow.

Only a glass of glowing wine!
'Tis a little thing, but, then,
It turned a bright and sunny home
Into a drunkard's den!
It blasted for ever a precious life,
And sounded a funeral knell;
It placed the wreck in a drunkard's grave
And led to a drunkard's hell.

PRAY for laborers! Yes, sure enough! We have enough and to spare of idle and joky and smoky and ease-seeking and place-seeking and popularity-seeking preachers already, who are getting in the way of those who want to work and know how to work and can work to advantage—if they are not interfered with. We saw an earnest worker—an evangelist—on a hot night, at a camp meeting, draw off his coat, and preach on in dead earnest for souls. Some cheered him on. Others looked as though they felt badly over so improper a way of preaching to save souls. We could wish that, if some preachers do not draw off their coats, they would for just once roll up their sleeves as though they meant work.—*The Christian Standard.*

"MY son, defraud not the poor of his living, and make not the needy eyes to wait long."—*Ecclesiasticus* iv., 1.

Farewell, Newfoundland!

STAFF-CAPTAIN AND MRS. READ'S FEW WORDS OF FAREWELL TO THEIR FORMER OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND FRIENDS.

Often and often in public meetings during the past sixteen months have we spoken of our loyalty to God and the Army, and also made it plain that when the time came round for us to say good-bye to Newfoundland, like true soldiers, we should pack up our belonging and march to another part of the battle-field.

We had just conducted a successful meeting at St. Johns II. corps, in which we spoke of many future plans we were making for the progress of the war, among them, the new schooner, new openings, Rescue work, etc. Tired, but happy,

We had Reached Our Home,

where a telegram awaited us. One word our eyes fell upon; it was the centre of the message, "Farewell." Imagine our feelings. Truth and fact it was, however, and the rest of the night of February 19th, and the early morning hours of the 20th, were spent in dispatching letters of farewell to D. O.'s and F. O.'s.

Stern and real in this warfare. Dear Commissioner Coombs, previous to his farewell for Australia, thanked God for the privilege of carrying into effect what he had often told others they should be ready to do.

Gladly we fall in Line,

and count it a joy and an honor to "salute" our leaders in the Lord, obey, and march.

Words are so empty at such times as these. We cannot write the feelings of our hearts. The wrench from our devoted, loyal, loving district and field officers is great. They have stuck by us like warriors, ever ready to lift us up in the thickest of the battle. May God reward them for their devotion!

Then there are those two hundred and fifty local officers and sergeants—the backbone of the Newfoundland Salvation Army contingent. Nobly have they rallied round us and their field officers. Without a cent remuneration,

They Have Braved the Wildest Blasts

in order to get to the meetings and do their duty. In summer and winter, in sunshine or rain, their affections have been changeless. Then the host of kind, hospitable friends who have entertained us in our many travels. Jesus has noted all their kindness, and will reward them on the eternal morning. To one and all then we would say farewell, and as we do so, urge upon them to take hold of and lift up their new God-appointed leaders as they have done us. Extreme has been the kindness we have received on all sides, and we feel confident that this kindness will still be given to those who follow us in the command of the Commandant's "pet colony." In our weakness, we have striven to help and bless. Storms have been weathered.

The Grim Hand of Death

snatched our darling baby from our side. No wonder we love this "sea-girt isle," for its soil contains the earthly remains of her whose presence for seven months cheered our home. Like a sunbeam, she flitted in and was gone. We shall often look back to that tiny grave near St. Johns cemetery gate. Winnie binds with a firm cord our affections to heaven. Happy will be the memory of the past sixteen months. The Newfoundland fight has made us better soldiers. The love of Christ constrains us to urge upon all Salvationists left behind the awful importance of being Christlike, loyal to the Army, truthful in the inward parts, seeking *first* the Kingdom of God and His righteousness,

Living and Dying in the Army's Ranks,

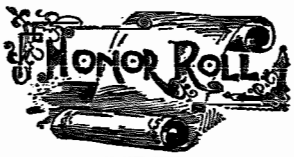
and having a good rousing Army funeral. Beware of getting "set," and settled. The secret of your success is your simple, daring blood-and-fireism. Lose it, and you fail. Keep it, and you progress. "Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate." Be as loyal on the coasts of Labrador, and on "the Banks," as you are while in your meetings at your corps. Help financially with the new schooner, and all other schemes for the progress of the war. The 1893 Self-Denial result, was a triumphant success. Go in to beat the record this coming fall.

The Commandant is expecting great things from you. Your new leaders will need your practical help and prayers. Go for souls, and go for the worst. Heed not the pharisees and sceptics, but march right on, winning souls for Jesus. Pray for us, as we shall for you. Faithfulness to the end, will ensure us all a good welcome on "the other side." "Though the waves rise high," we shall ride over their crests. "We have an anchor that keeps the soul." Keep "a clear, shining light."

Farewell! "If you get there before we do; look out for us, we're coming too." God bless you, one and all.

Affectionately yours,
J. READ,
B. J. READ.

ST. JOHNS, NFLD, February 20th, 1894.



80 AND OVER.

Sister Barber, Victoria, B. C. 82
Ensign Hills, Victoria, B. C. 80

70 AND OVER.

Captain Patton, Victoria, B. C. 70
Sergeant Armstrong, St. John HL 70

60 AND OVER.

Captain Banks, Riverside 61

50 AND OVER.

Captain Johnston, Moncton 58
Lieutenant Pugh, Belleville 53
Sister Little, Victoria, B. C. 50

40 AND OVER.

Daddy Dixon, Toronto 48
Lieutenant Tooke, Windsor, Ont. 47
Lieutenant Tuttle, St. John 44
Lieutenant Pugh, Belleville 43
Ensign Moore, Windsor, Ont. 43
Captain Findlay 42
Captain Heisler, Stellarton 42
Captain Rutledge 40
Sergeant Root, Belleville 40

30 AND OVER.

Sergeant Root, Belleville 38
Captain Prince, St. John I. 35
Mrs. Envoys Miller, Chatham 33
Sergeant Treffrey, Windsor, Ont. 33
Lieutenant Morrison 33
Sergeant Beardwell, Victoria, B. C. 32
Captain Robertson, Owen Sound 31
Brother Hartle 31
Captain Collier, London 31
Lieutenant Milton 31
Sister Spence, Owen Sound 30
Lieutenant Hide, Sherbrooke 30
Brother Lewis, Victoria, B.C. 30
Sister Hersey, Kingston 30
Sister Glenn, Kingston 30

25 AND OVER.

Captain McKechnie 28
James Bonney, Kingston 28
Sister Hawley, Kingston 28
Lieutenant Hill, Brockville 27
Mrs. Hedlock, Toronto 27
Sergeant Treffrey, Windsor 25
Sister Beck, Windsor 25
Bro. Gunn, North Sydney 25
Bro. Barnes, Victoria 25
Annie Bureau, Kingston 25
Sister Glenn, Kingston 25
Sister McNaney, Kingston 25
Lieutenant Johnson, Forest 25
Lieutenant White, Collingwood 25
Lieutenant Orchard, Petrolia 24
Sergeant Turner, Chatham 23
Captain Holman, Belleville 23
Mrs. Stickles, City 22
J. Bonney, Kingston 22
Sister Bowers 22
Mrs. Sergeant Lee, Collingwood 22
Sister Downer, Petrolia 22
E. Williams, Kingston 21
Mrs. Captain Wynn, Listowel 21
Sister Arrsey, Kingston 21
Mrs. Stigney, Kingston 20
Sergeant Haines, St. John 20
Captain Brooks, Collingwood 20
Mrs. Styney, Kingston 20
Sister Williams, Kingston 20

The last two weeks for the above, which have been sent you, have not appeared. WAR CRYS all sold out. None for Friday night's meeting. FRED.

BILL OF FARE

OF THE

"Musical Salvationist"

FOR FEBRUARY, 1894:

Oh, return to Jesus, Poor Sinner.
No Longer Tarry.
Wondrous Love.
Weary and Tired of Sin.
It was for Sinners.
You'll be Lost.
Save Me, Lord.
See your Saviour Pleading.
A Cleansing Stream is Flowing.
Drunkard, Jesus Calls To-Night.
Jesus, my Saviour is Calling.
Sinner, Christ Will Hear.
Still Flowing for Thee.

} 10c. per Copy, or $1.10 per Year.

NOW READY!

Bound volume of

"ALL THE WORLD," 1893.

Price $1.75. Order at once. Only a small supply on hand.

"THE DELIVERER" FOR FEBRUARY.

Has a very interesting bill of fare. Price 5 cents., subscription per year only 50 cents.

CONTENTS:

On the Door.
"Afterward" (Poem.)
Millie: A Knitting Factory Story.
"Why do I Pray?"
Their "Only Claim."
A City of Refuge.
Official Gazette.
Personal Notes. (By Mrs. Bramwell Booth.)
Song.
Rescue Holiness. (By Commissioner Railton.)
Shelter Work in the Netherlands. (By Major Powell.)
"Ready to Perish."
The Darkest England Papers.
Taken from our Editorial Basket.

THE RECEPTION MEETINGS

— OF —

BRIGADIER and MRS. MARGETTS,

The New Provincial Secretary for West Ontario, will take place in

LONDON,

On Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.

THE COMMANDANT

will conduct the campaign, assisted by

BRIGADIER HOLLAND, and the Provincial Staff.

SPECIAL HOLINESS CAMPAIGN!

A CONVENTION ON REAL RELIGION

WILL BE HELD IN THE

Y. W. C. A. Hall,

On Elm Street, Toronto,

ON THE EVENING OF

FRIDAY, March 30th.

Commencing at 8 o'clock.

COMMANDANT and MRS. BOOTH,

ASSISTED AS FAR AS POSSIBLE BY

Brigadier and Mrs. Holland, Brigadier and Mrs. de Barritt,

and MAJOR COMPLIN,

(late of Australia) our newly-appointed WAR CRY Editor, will conduct these gatherings.

Staff-Captains FRIEDRICH, FRY, STREETON and JEWER, Headquarters and Social Staff, Officers and Soldiers of the Temple and Yorkville Corps and numbers of other Christians, Auxiliaries and Friends especially invited.

These Meetings will be Continued every Friday in the Y.W.C.A. Hall until Further Notice.

IMPORTANT!

YORKVILLE,

Sunday Night, April 8th.

MRS. BOOTH,

ACCOMPANIED BY

MAJOR COMPLIN, and other Officers.

WESTWARD HO!

THE COMMANDANT

WILL CONDUCT THE

Installation Meetings of MAJOR and MRS. READ

(the new P. S. for the North-West), at WINNIPEG, and of

ADJUTANT and MRS. ARCHIBALD

(the new British Columbia D.O.), at VICTORIA, during the month of April.

FULL - PROGRAM - LATER.

The Social Limelight Tour

IN THE

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Adjt. MANTON and Capt. WATSON

are visiting the under-mentioned places with their Limelight scenes of Darkest England and Mrs. Booth's Memorial Service, and are delivering at each place a stock of "Grub-before-Meat" Boxes. Local agents will be appointed at each corps. Will you help feed and clothe Lazarus? They will visit:

BLOOMFIELD—Sunday and Monday, April 1st and 2nd.
PORT HOPE—Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3rd and 4th.

Women's Shelter.

"THE SALVATION ARMY HOME FOR WORKING WOMEN."

Officers, soldiers and friends are cordially invited to come and see for themselves this charming little haven of refuge.

The bill of fare speaks for itself:

The "Retreat,"

THE SALVATION ARMY

Working-Women's Home,

NOW OPEN,

14 Albert Street, East side Temple.

GOOD FOOD and CLEAN, WARM BEDS

AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES:

Soup	2 cents.
Soup and Bread ..	3 "
Irish Stew	5 "
Tea or Coffee, per cup,	2 "
Bread and Butter ..	2 "
Warm Beds	7 "

Dressmaking, Plain Sewing and Knitting done at Reasonable Prices

A BIG BLAZE!

Can be produced by using

COAL AND WOOD

bought at our woodyard. TELEPHONE 761 or 1444, corner of Wilton Avenue and Victoria. Kindling, 7 Crates $1.00. Coal—Current price. Branch office—Lippincott and Ulster.

Friends of the Social Wing.

ATTENTION!

Our Branch Coal and Wood Office is now open, corner of Lippincott and Ulster Streets. The officer in charge, is prepared to give prompt and careful attention to all orders. This will be a means of great assistance to the Social Work.

Central Ontario Province.

The Headquarters for the Central Ontario Province is, corner Lippincott and Ulster Streets. The Post Office, to which all monies will be made payable, is 454 Bloor Street, Toronto.

For Officers Only!

You can have the first bound volume of *The Officer*—1893—at $1.25 from the Trade Secretary.

CORNWALL, Feb. 21st, 1894.

MY DEAR STAFF,—

I have received *The Officer* safe and sound, and I am quite delighted and satisfied with it. I think it is a good bargain for the money, and I intend to make good use of it. Believe me,

I remain, yours truly,
CAPT. W. BRIERLEY.

"*JUDGMENTS ARE PREPARED for the scorners, and stripes for the back of fools;*" but the Commandant's Friday evening meeting is for YOU.